

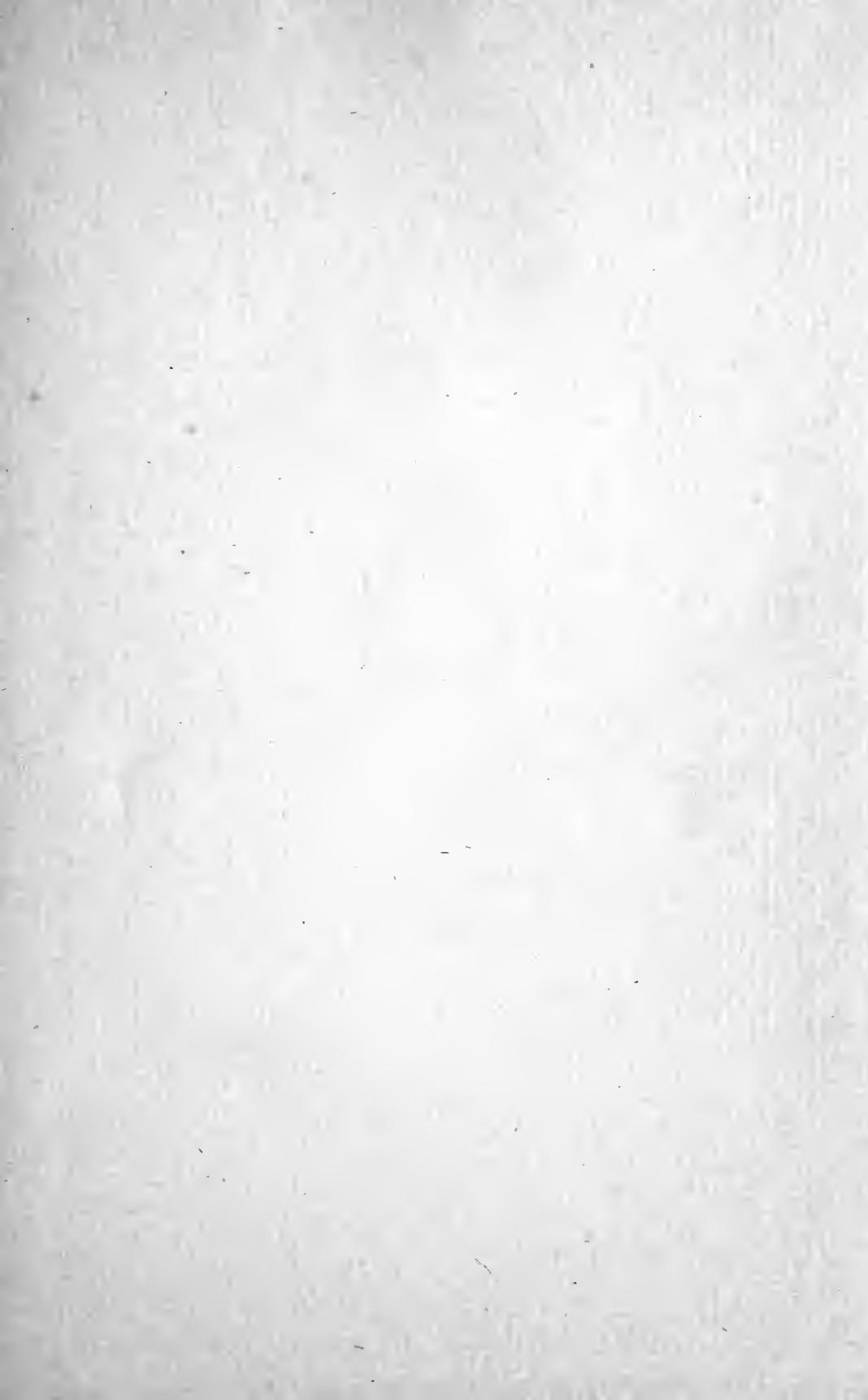


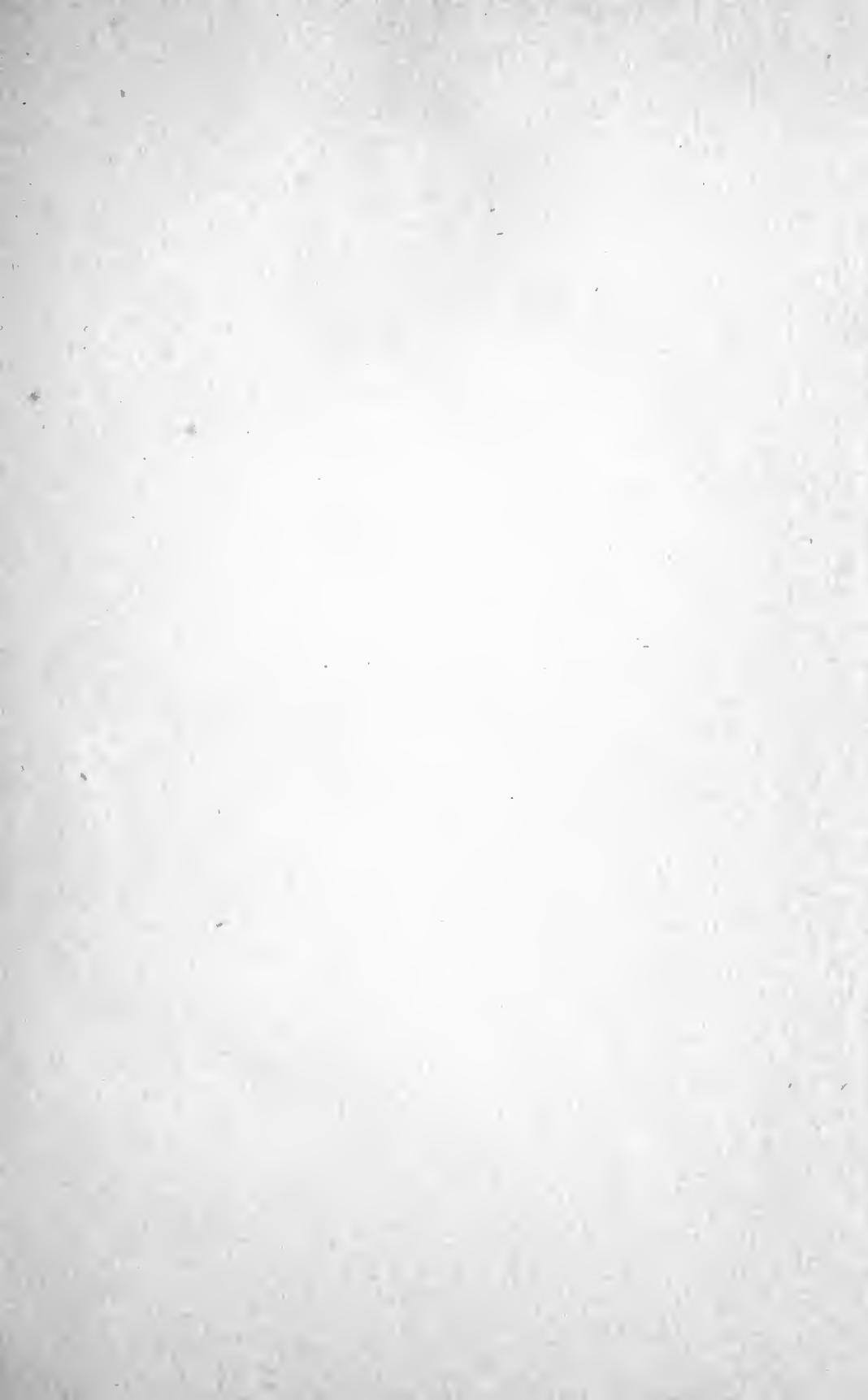
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Yours sincerely
Frances M. Kelne

FOR TO-DAY



POEMS

BY

FRANCES MARGARET MILNE

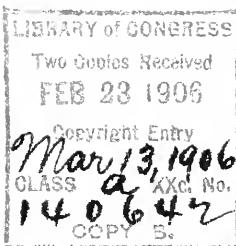


SAN FRANCISCO

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29 Jan 1834
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TO
MY DARLING MOTHER,
FROM WHOSE DEAR LIPS
I FIRST LEARNED OF LIBERTY AND TRUTH,
THESE PAGES ARE INSCRIBED,
WITH A DAUGHTER'S REVERENT LOVE.

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There was a man sent from God, whose name
was Henry George.

—*Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn.*

HE KEPT THE FAITH.

[October 29, 1897.]

Years ago Henry George wrote to me: "When you hear that I am dead, if it can be said of me, 'he has kept the faith, he has fought the fight,' then write me a requiem song of gladness and of hope." Oh, I never thought to write it, then.

HAST thou a requiem strain,
Glad, free, and strong?
Meet for the glorious life
Sorrow would wrong?
Tears for the vanquished, the weak,
Crushed in the fray;
This is a Conqueror's soul
Passing to-day.

Joy! that the race has been run
To its proud goal!
Ah, how serenely his rest
Smiles at our dole.
Tears for a people bereft;
Honor and love
For the beloved of his heart;
This we may prove.

He Kept The Faith.

Here, with heads bared to the skies,
Pledge we again
Faith to the leader who died
For the manhood of men.
So shall his joy be fulfilled;
So shall his name
Kindle our hearts as of old—
Vital as flame!

No! Let the dirge be unsung—
Anthems, instead!
Why, when his guerdon is won,
Mourn we him dead?
Lord! for Thy Prophet beloved,
Render we praise!
Father in Heaven! Thy will
Hallow our days.

HAVE WE NOT FOUND HIM?

We want thee, Oh, unfound
And sovran teacher!
—Mrs. Browning.

H AVE we not found him whom her prophet
soul

Invoked from shadows of that darkening night,
When Freedom's star seemed lost amid the roll
And thunder-storm of Tyranny's fell might?
Full-orbed, and true to her inspired hope,
He rose upon our night of doubt and fear,
And all the mountain peaks, from slope to slope,
Rejoiced in rapture that the dawn was here!

Somewhere in earth's domain, her faith made
sure—

With seer prevision, unrestrained and clear—
He lived, in God's great purpose held secure,
Who should do greatly when his day appear.
Oh, not for Italy alone, the strain
That echoed from her heavenly harp, was sung;
HUMANITY's deep joy, and deeper pain,
Spoke to her spirit in the self-same tongue.

Have We Not Found Him?

I think she watches us from that pure sky,
With knowledge,—truer than our mortal
lore,—
Of those low valleys where our path must lie,
Of those far heights to which our faith must
soar.
And evermore, I think, her spirit, calm
In its high confidence, for blessing prays
On him whose hand has grasped this oriflamme,
And holds it high, to fix our wavering gaze.

AT HEAVEN'S GATE.

But it was the larks that charmed me most. They sang in the sun as though they knew I was a stranger, and were bent on doing their best to please me. First one, and then another, springing from the ground with a burst of melody pouring from their throats, they rose up, and up, and up, singing as they went, until they became the tiniest specks, and then were lost to sight. Their music growing fainter and fainter, but still continuing, they seemed the very embodiment and type of innocent and exuberant enjoyment. Then falling and singing, they came down like spent darts, and so close to the ground that our eyes could not follow them, skimmed off to the nests where their mates were keeping house.—Henry George's Letters from England, 1889.

Yet the thought still mounts.

—Progress and Poverty.

U P, up, in airy flight,
Thro' the blue ether did the song ascend,
Linking with heaven's height
The Land that welcomed thee, our prophet
friend.

At Heaven's Gate.

Then lost when seemed the notes
In a far distance ear might never reach,
Back, back to earth it floats,
Still uttering to us its celestial speech.

So to our souls thou spake;
(Would that we ever might ascend with thee!)
Then back to earth didst take
Thy patient way, again our guide to be.

From the green earth it springs,
The heavenly strain that bids us hope anew;
But more than mortal things
Speak to our spirits in its music true.

Up, up, still mounts the thought!
Beyond the sky, beyond the starry sphere.
Strong and divine, it caught
The secret of immortal anthems clear.

On earth, Thy will, O God!
As it is done in heaven, be here fulfilled;
The path Thy chosen trod
Be ours to tread, with earnestness unchilled.

At Heaven's Gate.

To fill with joy and peace
The barren lives that mock Thy gracious care;
To bid oppression cease,
And *all* in Thy rich bounty own a share.

Oh, this were aim sublime,
Might give an angel joy its deed to share!
But not alone for time
Shall the rich fruitage of its harvest bear.

O Soul of heavenly strength!
Still call us, call us, laggards tho' we be;
So may we hear at length
The fullness of the message given to thee.

From the low earth it springs,
With promise, and with joy, with hope elate!
Then swift and strong it wings
Its flight, to pause, like lark, at Heaven's gate.

WELCOME HOME!

[Henry George's return from England,
July 28, 1889.]

O H, tell us the message again!
We listened with straining ear,
While the isles of the sea rejoiced
That marvelous word to hear.
Forever, unto his own
Shall the Prophet unhonored come?
Oh, answer! Ye chosen hearts,
And lips with your gladness dumb.

Earth's snow-bound slumber is past;
The summer her pledge fulfills;
The brook in the sunlight laughs
To the opulent vales and hills;
The depths of the forest stir
With a thousand flashing wings,
And the grassy coverts hide
A myriad happy things.

Welcome Home.

And our souls from a darker trance
Have awakened, the light to see—
The affluent joy we hold,
The glory that yet shall be.
Oh, Father Almighty! Thy love
Again is our refuge sure;
Forgive us the blinded eyes,
And the trust that could not endure.

By the chill of the icy past,
By the faith we deemed was dead,
By the stony earth we trod,
And the heaven of brass o'erhead;
By the hope new-born that springs
As the day-star's beaming ray;
By the bitter, silenced curse,
And the lips that learn to pray—

We would own our debt to thee,
Apostle and Prophet dear!
This day is the Scripture fulfilled
In the world's expectant ear.
Oh, true to thy high behest,
From the wilderness lead us on,
Till—Moab and Jordan passed—
The land of delight is won!

OWN HIM THINE.

[Read by James H. Barry, editor of the S. F. "Star," at the Mass Meeting in Metropolitan Hall, San Francisco, on the occasion of Henry George's visit in 1890.]

HE waits beside the Golden Gate
Her Prophet's coming from afar:
Why hast thou welcome loth and late,
Who watched the rising of his star?
Thine eyes were held; 't was not for thee,
Dazzled by fevered dreams of gold;
But—passed that wild delirium—see
The heavenly vision yet unfold!

Oh, beautiful upon thy hills
Their feet who publish tidings glad!
Methinks, from slope to slope there thrills
The primal joy that Eden had.
And once again Earth hears the word
Our heritage and charge proclaim:
To dress and keep thy garden, LORD,
In conscious manhood, free from shame.

Own Him Thine.

O sapphire skies! whose boundless arch
Bids still aspire the spirit's view!
Beneath thy splendor yet shall march
The race that will the world renew!
O vine-clad hill and rushing stream!
O valley laughing to the sun!
Thou wilt fulfill the poet's dream,
In that new era—just begun.

No more shall Greed's despoiling hand
The luster of thy beauty mar;
No more, a sordid tyrant, stand
Earth's bounty from her sons to bar;
But generous Nature wealth bestow,
And toil, in interchange, be blessed;
For peace shall like a river flow,
When Man hath brotherhood confessed.

A welcome!—For our Prophet comes!
Denied, rejected by us long;
Let voices from ten thousand homes
Uplift the glad thanksgiving song!
He comes!—to bid new manhood speak;
To hapless childhood, joy restore;
To dry the tear on woman's cheek,
And tell the hopeless, hope once more!

Own Him Thine.

O city by the Golden Gate!
The time appointed comes to thee;
And unborn ages on thee wait,
To join the march of destiny.
Wilt thou not hear—on this, thy day—
The herald of a truth divine?
O haste! repent thee of delay!
Thy Prophet cometh—*own him thine!*

February 4, 1890.

Note.—The Duke of Argyle, in his attempted reply to “Progress and Poverty,” named Mr. George, in derision, “The Prophet of San Francisco,” a title which time has made a verity.

THE MARIPOSA.*

[February 8, 1890.]

WE have wreathed them in song and in story,
The battle-scarred decks of the past!
But around thee shall linger a glory
 Undimmed by the cannonade's blast.
For the white dove of Peace o'er the waters
 Was brooding that heavenly morn;
And the souls of earth's sons and earth's daughters
 Rejoiced in a promise new-born.

Oh, omen of gladness and blessing!
 We saw, from the masthead above,
The flag that the breeze was caressing—
 The Stars and the Stripes of our love!
It strained at its cordage, as urging
 The barque to no longer delay;
Impatient for joy of the surging
 Bright billows that marshaled her way!

* The steamer in which Henry George sailed for Australia.

The Mariposa.

Aye, once in the vanguard of nations,
That banner had floated of yore!
Proclaiming—whatever their stations—
That men were but men, *and no more.*
And eyes had looked up at its gleaming;
And straightened the backs that were bowed.
Could it lose that first glow of its beaming,
And darken 'neath tyranny's cloud!

No, never! For wert thou not leading,
Bright banner, earth's vanguard again?
When, fast from our dim sight receding,
We watched that swift keel cleave the main.
Still true to thy birthright, and scorning
The hand that would basely control,
Thou flung to the wind of the morning
The challenge of Liberty's soul!

To the nations afar I am bearing
The herald of freedom divine.
Awaken! ye poor and despairing!
And tremble, ye great! at my sign.
Thus signalled that pennon outstreaming;
And shone the pure stars of its sky;
And its crimson, as sunrise' glad beaming,
To the faith of our hearts made reply.

The Mariposa.

Forgotten in song and in story,
The battle-scarred decks of the past!
When earth shall have beaten her gory
Sword-blades into plough-shares at last.
But thy fame, Mariposa! hath shrining
Unstained by such glory impure:
In the heaven of hope it is shining—
As love, shalt immortal endure.

FAREWELL.*

FAREWELL! farewell! The good ship speeds
Upon her shining billowy way.
Farewell! farewell! The land recedes,
Where fond and loyal hearts must stay.
Oh, richly freighted, forth she goes,
With treasure from the golden shore!
And every wind that o'er her blows,
Like eager herald flies before.

Where Honolulu's tropic isle
Earth's ghastliest anguish hides from view,
That message—like an angel's smile—
Would whisper of God's purpose true.
And where the sister islands lift
Volcanic summits to the sky,
With tidings of the heavenly gift
Still doth the tireless herald fly.

* Note.—Henry George sailed from San Francisco for Australia, on his journey around the world, February 8, 1890.

Farewell.

Then, onward—o'er the trackless foam
Of ocean's mightiest domain;
Australia beckons till he come,
Outstretching hands of welcome fain.
Oh, herald wind! blow fresh and free,
Round headland bold and peopled slope,
And breathe: He sails the Southern sea—
Apostle of a world-wide hope!

Oh, herald wind! since shone the light
On captive Judah's hills of old,
And strains celestial, thro' the night,
Earth's coming joy and peace foretold;
Thou hast not borne such message glad,
As on *this* wondrous day is thine:
Deliverance to the prisoner sad,
And light to those who grope and pine!

Oh, purpose of the ages vast!
That—blinded—we were slow to see;
Oh, bitter thrall that ends at last!
Oh, glorious era yet to be!
Emerging from the shadow dim,
Our dazzled eyes behold the ray;
Our souls would own their debt to *him*—
God's Prophet! *who hath shown the way!*

WELCOME TO HENRY GEORGE.

On his return from his journey around the world.

[Read by Hamlin Garland at the Mass Meeting at Cooper Union, New York City, September 1, 1890.]

January—September, 1890.

FROM heart to heart, the tidings sped;
From lip to lip, the message rang.
Oh, never Hope, since time began,
A sweeter, gladder pean sang!
Earth smiled upon her Prophet's way:
The skies of winter softer shone;
And balmy were the ocean gales
That gently urged his fleet barque on.

The listening air hushed silence kept,
Then thrilled with answering bugles clear,
While o'er the swelling Austral seas
We heard our brothers' welcoming cheer!
Oh, heart to heart, we felt your joy,
Dear brothers! whom we may not see;
And, soul to soul, with you we pledge
The glorious truth that maketh free.

Welcome To Henry George.

Beneath the glow of Egypt's skies,
The fellah toils—a hopeless slave;
And fettered earth reward withholds,
That once with lavish hand she gave.
Dread empire of the ages gone!
We tremble in thy shadowed air;
Death-shrouded city, sterile plain,
The irrevocable doom declare.

Gray desert reaches—silent, vast!
Thou, to the spirit's ear, canst tell
Of power that awe nor pity knew;
Of pride that deep as Hades fell.
Seer of the Elder time! who rose
To lead thy captive people forth!
We, too, have heard our Prophet's voice,
And message of a grander worth.

Did we not follow where he passed,
With spirit vision undenied?
Did not our hearts within us burn,
Even as we felt him by our side
Aye, to the nations wrapped in death,
Now, as of old, the light hath shone!
And stirred with vague unrest their dark—
To blaze with noon tide's fire, anon.

Welcome To Henry George.

Peter! thy dome attesting stands—
The glory and the shame of faith!
And Memory flits from shrine to shrine,
A pallid, self-accusing wraith.
Italia—wake! the hour is here!
A greater than thy poets dreamed.
Thy land, expectant, waits to be
From ashes of the grave redeemed.

Hast thou not welcome, sunny France?
The immortal past invokes thee now!
Imperishable glory gleams
To crown thy City's jeweled brow.
Thy history's page hath record bright,
America can ne'er forget;
Her Prophet bears thee gift divine—
A gift to cancel all the debt!

From Scotland's glen, and England's mart,
And Ireland's green, forsaken vale,
They gather—trusted hearts and true—
To bid God-speed his home-bound sail.
Dear mother isle! full oft, of old,
Thy sons, undaunted, bled for thee;
And sons as loyal name thee now—
The Islands of the Blest, to be.

Welcome To Henry George.

O country nearest to his heart—
Proud star of empire's western bound!
Ah, could thy glory know eclipse,
Where were the balm to heal our wound?
Thy beam upon the nations shone,
And wakened Freedom from her trance;
Her beacon lighted glows to mark
The pathway of thy high advance.

A thousand, thousand welcomes home!
Our Prophet friend! from journeyings far.
From thy imperial city's gates,
To San Francisco's harbor-bar,
The throbbing heart-tides swell and meet—
A tidal wave of joy and love.
Leader of souls! to thy high call,
Not all unworthy would we prove.

DOUBTING CASTLE.

And a faith which was dead revives.
—*Progress and Poverty.*

WE were prisoners in it once,
But its walls are lying low;
Turret gray and dungeoned keep,
Nevermore our souls shall know.
Where its frowning shadow fell,
Hope's bright blossoms spring to-day;
Fresh the winds of heaven blow,
And the dancing sunbeams play.

We were prisoners in it once,
Straining eyes thro' prison bars,
If we haply might discern,
Faint and far, the midnight stars.
Not for us the dawn's delight,
Nor the splendor of the noon—
We had dreamed of them, alas!
But the vision faded soon.

Doubting Castle.

We were prisoners in it once,
And our fettered hearts were numb,
And the prayer we used to plead,
In our silenced lips was dumb.
What was hope? A mocking taunt
To the spirit's thirsty need.
What was faith? Delusion's trust
In a dying, empty creed.

We were prisoners in it once,
False to even Love's behest,
Fain to stifle her response
In the wounded, bleeding breast.
Wherefore heed a brother's woe,
When the hand was weak to save?
For his anguish—for our own—
Rest was found but in the grave.

We were prisoners in it once,
Yet the shadows as they fell,
In the wavering grey and dark
Of the sunlight seemed to tell.
And between the dungeon bars
Did the winds celestial steal—
Like a secret message sent,
We divined not, but could feel.

Doubting Castle.

We were prisoners in it once:
 Oh, the day when GREATHEART came!
And the rusty hinges turned,
 And the skies were all aflame!
At his voice the fetters fell;
 Body maimed and stricken soul
Felt again the breath divine
 That could make their weakness whole.

We were prisoners in it once!
 So we cried, exultant, all;
As the tottering fortress shook,
 Rushing to its mighty fall.
Spite of sorrow, spite of wrong,
 Once again the earth we trod,
Heirs of Nature's purpose vast—
 Workers in the plan of God!

FROM THE BATTLE.

[Oct. 29, 1897.]

TRUCE! No more the clarions call
To the battle's stern array,
While the silence, like a pall,
Hushes all our strife to-day.
He hath gained Olympian heights,
Where his Prophet-soul surveys
Earth's murk shades and flickering lights,
With a clear, immortal gaze.

Kept the faith and fought the fight!
Bear him homeward on his shield;
He was sworn Truth's chosen knight,
Even life itself to yield!
From our turmoil to this peace!
Hush the sob, and still the pain;
Death hath given him sweet surcease—
Would ye ask him back again?

Caught away like Prophet old,
God's own chariot bore him far!
Where the heavenly hills unfold,
And the angel cohorts are.

From the Battle.

Shining rank on rank they throng,
Welcoming with glad acclaim:
“Brother! You to us belong—
Enter, in the Master’s name.”

What remains? The altar burns
Where his costliest gift was laid.
While Earth travaileth yet, and mourns,
Still the ransom must be paid.
Leader of our souls! To-day
Witness for us, from the skies;
There our lives we gladly lay,
In a willing sacrifice!

They do not die
Nor lose their mortal sympathy;
Nor change to us, although they change.

—Tennyson.

WITHIN THE VEIL.

“Upon this I awaked, and I beheld, and my sleep was sweet unto me.”

THEN did the weary body rest,
From sorrow free;
While the glad soul upon its quest
Was met by thee.

For in that slumber’s depth profound
I journeyed forth—
Afar from mortal sight and sound,
Afar from earth.

A heavenly city did I see,
A mansion fair.
(Ah, did the Master there, for me,
A place prepare?)

I felt, in that celestial air,
A raptured sense
Of prayer and praise, I knew not where—
I knew not whence.

Within The Veil.

As if the soul of nature owned
 Her Maker's care,
And Man for faithlessness atoned
 In worship there.

Methought, near one bright entrance stayed
 My wandering feet;
In awe fulfilled, yet unafraid—
 In wonder sweet.

'Tis home! sweet home! The dear earth-phrase
 O'erflowed my heart:
And in that tide of prayer and praise
 My soul had part.

She waited me—my loved—not lost,
 Nor changed to me;
Though changed and glorified she crossed
 That threshold free.

My hand within her own caressed,
 To gently guide
My steps, as when a child I pressed
 Close to her side.

Within The Veil.

It seemed on some fond errand bent
We took our way,
With dear, familiar, known intent
We need not say.

When, looking backward, I discern,
Still open wide,
The portal, and would fain return
Neglect to chide.

But with detaining, gentle hand
She checked me. "Dear!"
She said, "you do not understand—
No doors close here!"

"Oh, mother! what a happy place
This place must be,"
I cried, rejoicing, while her face
Still shone on me.

So we passed on a little way,
In glad content;
There was no need of speech to say,
For thought was blent.

Within The Veil.

When suddenly a shadowing cloud
 Around me fell;
And back to earth my spirit bowed
 Returned to dwell.

Oh, doors that Love will never close!
 Oh, city fair!
Beyond this life that ebbs and flows,
 She waits me there.

WHERE THY FOOTSTEPS LED WE FOLLOW.

(William T. Croasdale, died August 9, 1891.)

[Read by Henry George at the Reform Club Memorial Meeting, New York City, August 27, 1891.]

NOT for thee the requiem strain,
Friend beloved and comrade truest!
Gazing upward, we would fain
 Watch the path that thou pursuest.
But from yearning mortal sight,
 Clouds of heaven, do ye receive him!
Ah, the gateway, opening bright,
 Closes dark for us who grieve him.

Fought the fight and kept the faith!
 Not for him be wild lamenting.
He, unrecking life or death,
 Gave his gifts without repenting.
Shall we falter, shall we fail—
 We who named him friend and brother?
Still his memory will prevail.
 Kindling light Time cannot smother.

Where Thy Footsteps Led We Follow.

When did Freedom's roll-call sound
That she found her son not ready?
Foremost still to take the ground,
Eye alert and footstep steady!
"Forward—March!" The bugles rang;
Old the fight, yet just beginning.
Why the stern, relentless clang
Of the "Halt!" that stayed his winning?

Why—oh, why? We may not ask.
Ours to tread where duty beckons;
Ours the faith, the hope, the task;
God alone the future reckons.
Press we where our hero fell!
Fell? Nay! Rose to heights supernal!
Yet with us his thought must dwell,
Even 'mid the peace eternal.

Beating heart that, full and warm,
Pulsed with human joy and sorrow—
Soul for sunshine and for storm—
Not for thee earth's brief to-morrow.
Loosed the clasp of mortal hand;
But the spirit, what can sever?
Life nor death can break the strand
Love and truth have knit forever.

Where Thy Footsteps Led We Follow.

Not for thee the requiem strain,
Tho' our lips with sorrow quiver,
And the tears that fall like rain
Mingle in grief's ceaseless river.
Friend beloved and comrade tried!
Hearts are faint and eyes are hollow;
But, whatever fate betide,
Where thy footsteps led we follow.

AT DARTFORD (PHOENIX MILL).

One of the first acts of Burroughs, Wellcome & Co. on taking possession was to plant additional trees, to place comfortable benches in all convenient places, and to set out, under the charge of a skillful gardener, 5,000 rose-bushes and flowering shrubs. The people of the factory will have some chance to enjoy the garden thus provided; for Burroughs, Wellcome & Co. have of their own motion introduced the eight-hour system. And while paying the highest current wages, they set apart a percentage of profits, which are divided between all employees of two years' standing at the close of each year.—Henry George's Letter from England, Standard, August 10, 1889.*

A S thro' the heavy clouded sky
Some rift will show the blue,
And starry gleam, and sunlight high,
Earth's faith and hope renew;

So, 'mid the turmoil, sin and shame,
That cloud our spirit's view,
Some heavenly glimpse will break and flame
Immortal glory through.

*Mr. Burroughs, of the firm named, died in 1895.

At Dartford (Phoenix Mill).

“To others even as ye would
That they to you should prove”;
Not all a dream of future good,
That golden rule of love.

For even now, and even here,
We catch the radiant glow
That makes of earth another sphere
Than wrong and sorrow know.

Our thought o'erleaps the heaving tide,
And, under English skies—
No more a dream to taunt or chide—
We see the vision rise.

Oh, happy Dartford! scene how fair
Of brotherhood and peace!
A pledge to comfort wan despair,
And prisoned hope release.

Not there do little children moan,
Nor women faint with dread;
Not there does age, unseemly, own
The daily strife for bread.

At Dartford (Phoenix Mill).

But labor's bright and busy day
Has tranquil evening's close;
The babbling joy of childhood's play—
Home's dear and sweet repose.

Come, Shylock of the west! behold
This Phœnix rise to shame
The hoarded millions of thy gold,
That mock a brother's claim.

A purer flame than fables feign
The dross of self consumes;
And, risen from ashes of its pain,
Life's perfect beauty blooms.

Oh, more than ancient dreams of good,
In mystic type foretold,
The glorious day of brotherhood
That Time shall yet unfold!

BEYOND.

[In memory of Miss Kate Kennedy.]

ARE not our hearts still thrilling, but to name
them—

Our comrades gone before?
Do not their vacant places mutely claim them
For welcome, as of yore?

Oh, they have passed beyond our mortal seeing!
But, think you, love can change?
Or that the hope, that was their spirit's being,
Finds not a higher range?

It were so poor a space for joy of doing—
Our earth's brief shadowed year!
Oh, great, true souls! ye sure are still pursuing
Love's service, even as here.

Still, still with us ye share the high endeavor
With purer, steadier aim;
No fitful wind of time can quench or waver
Your faith's undying flame!

Beyond.

We, too, are in eternity; around us
The same great ocean flows;
The same great law of brotherhood hath bound
us;
Life knows not any close!

We may not tell whence comes the inspiration;
Yet sometimes, faint of soul,
We feel anew the heavenly exaltation
That makes the spirit whole.

And we arise as though a comrade, calling,
Reproved our dull delay;
And, all unquestioning what fate befalling,
Urge glad our forward way.

For us, the long and dusty highway's faring;
For them, the height serene;
But oh, they share, with love's divinest caring,
Our pilgrimage between.

I sometimes think, how they must yearn—beholding
All that we long to know—
To give to us the glorious, bright unfolding,
Kept from our eyes below.

Beyond.

For them, for us: One is the faith and patience;
One is the great reward;
Or here, or there—what matter where our sta-
tions?
We answer to our Lord.

“ I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too.
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task that God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.”

THY PART.

PAUSE not to think how short the day,
Thy strength how frail;
Pause not to count the long delay,
The hopes that fail.

Thy times are in the hands of ONE
Who changeth not;
Thy part, to do, ere set of sun,
The task allot.

What tho' the shadow o'er thee fall,
While still afar
The goal thou seek'st: above thy pall
It shines—a star!

Love falters not, tho' small the deed,
And weak the hand,
And deep the gulf of human need,
Her faith hath spanned.

Thy Part.

Not what might be, but what *is* thine,
Behooveth thee;
Can'st thou, from earth's low bound, divine
Eternity?

Up! Thank thy God and courage take!
Tho' long the way,
The evening and the morning make
His perfect day.

High guerdon hast thou: bow thy head!
For thou art come
To those pure ranks of spirits sped—
They bid thee home.

Art thou not one with present—past—
And time to be?
Earth's noblest own thee comrade—cast
Their lot with thee.

Then faint no more, whatever be
Thy effort frail;
Faith, hope, and love, companion thee—
And cannot fail.

WHAT COMFORT?

AH, brave leal hearts, that fought and bled
In Life's stern battle for loved and loving,
When the night is past and the dawn o'erhead
Must they faint in the dark where none are
moving?

The dark, dark past, where hunger stalked,
And hand in hand with despair life walked.

Oh, what shall comfort you, mothers sad,
When the happy children look in your faces,
And you think of the little lass and lad
Done to death in toil's iron traces?
Fair, oh, fair, are the skies aglow;
But over their breasts the daisies blow.

And what shall comfort you, lovers true,
Sundered by poverty's cruel chiding,
When you look on the homes that, glad and sure,
Flourish in peace and love abiding?
Ah, God! for the bright dreams unfulfilled!
For the hopes of youth in your bosom chilled!

What Comfort?

Ah, what shall comfort you, tender wife,
For the shadowed years of your fate's imposing,
When the cordon of doom round one dear life
Was ever sterner and sterner closing?
Cease, cease, salt tears, for the toil is past;
The peace eternal is his at last.

Ah, still be glad, though your sun has set
When the morn has risen upon your neighbor;
The clouded mount of your sorrow yet
Shall shine transfigured, a Mount of Tabor:
And your spirit's anthem shall chord and thrill
With "peace on earth, and to men good will."

For blessed of all the spirits that yearn
With the passion of heaven over earth's sorrow
Are the souls who earth's saddest lessons learn;
And the bliss eternal new joy shall borrow
From that earth redeemed, where their mortal
span
Wrought its part in the Infinite Plan.

THE SOWING.

WITHHOLD not thy hand from the sowing,
If morning, or evening, be thine;
Thou knowest not what the outgoing,
When richly the harvest shall shine.
There is joy in the deed for the doer,
That only the spirit may know;
And faith hath a recompense truer
Than guerdon of earth can bestow.

Withhold not thy hand from the sowing
Tho' hard and ungrateful the soil;
In a cleft of the rock may be growing,
Unseen, the fair tree of thy toil;
And the seed that the wind, in deriding,
From thy hand ere its planting hath torn,
In a far sunny vale may be biding,
To burgeon in beauty some morn.

Withhold not thy hand from the sowing,
Tho' poverty's captive thou be;
And fainter, and fainter is glowing
The rainbow of promise to thee.

The Sowing.

By thy fellowship dread in their anguish,
Hast thou not a message to tell
To thy brethren in prison who languish,
That Hope may again with them dwell?

Withhold not thy hand from the sowing,
Tho' Fortune her favored doth own;
Thou—idle and careless—unknowing
The lives for thy ease that atone;
Oh, canst thou be dead to their sorrow?
Bestow not thy pity's poor dole!
Nor think, from *such* largess, to borrow
Nepenthé, to quiet the soul.

Withhold not thy hand from the sowing;
'Tis Truth shall inspire the tongue,
Tho' toil's cruel rivets are showing
Where fetters of ignorance clung.
Still, still, do the lips of the lowly,
O Justice! exalt thy pure name!
Tho' they stammer as babes, they thy holy
And perfected praise shall proclaim.

Withhold not thy hand from the sowing,
Tho' the lore of the ages be thine;
Let the Past be a beacon but showing
Where upward the path should incline.

The Sowing.

Awake from thy calm and seclusion!
Divine is the work thou may'st share—
To clear from the mists of delusion,
Forever, Thought's ambient air.

Withhold not thy hand from the sowing!
When darkens earth's sun to thine eyes,
And, past all mortality's knowing,
The veil of the future shall rise,
What welcome shall angels be singing?
Oh, think! it is thine, if thou would!
That anthem for Heaven's high ringing:
"For his brethren he did what he could."

“THE TURN OF THE TIDE.”

H EARTS of Hope! did courage fail
For a day?
Did we feel the night was dark—
Long the way?
Though the faith that in us lived—
Naught could slay.

“Sometime—somewhere!” aye, we knew:
But afar,
Dim and red in clouded space,
Shone our star;
All the silver Song of Peace—
Drowned in war.

Cloudy vapor; thunder’s crash;
Lightning’s sword;
Stormy wind;—fulfilling still
All His word!
Lo! the radiance of the dawn
Is outpoured.

The child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath.

—*Mrs Browning.*

DISINHERITED.

THE poor little life, just beginning,
Was gasping and dying that day.
There was clamor of sorrow and sinning,
In the squalid abode where it lay.
And the mother bent over her baby,
And kissed the wan forehead and hair,
With anguish as deep as yours may be,
Tho' her lips had forgotten your prayer.

'Twas a morning belovéd of Summer;
The meadows were fragrant and green,
The rose had a blush for each comer,
And thick was the trees' leafy screen;
But foul was the alley and narrow,
And back from the prisoning wall,
The sun shot his fiery arrow
On foreheads defenseless to fall.

Disinherited.

Oh, room for the lamb in the meadow,
And room for the bird on the tree!
But here, in stern poverty's shadow,
No room, hapless baby! for thee.
Immortal we think thee, and name thee—
The child of our Father above;
But where is the *justice* would claim thee
A share in the gifts of His love?

It is idle as folly, your weeping,
Poor mother! those heart-heavy tears.
Why, who would not covet that sleeping,
In place of your desolate years?
How hopeless they stretch in the distance—
Forever and ever the same;
Each day with its dull hard insistence
Of work and of want for your frame.

“It is well with the child,” says the preacher,
“The lambs in His bosom are hid.”
“It is well with the child,” says the teacher,
“Great Nature the sacrifice bid.
The poor and the weakly must perish—
So, only, the best we attain;
The perfected *type* we must cherish:
The law of progression is plain.”

Disinherited.

And yet—yes, the struggle is over;
The small shrunken limbs are at rest.
It were well their mute witness to cover—
'Tis a pitiful sight, at the best.
And, somehow, the word of the preacher
Sounds empty and vain as we gaze;
And the code philosophic of teacher
May be science—but ends in a maze.

For, look! they were perfect, those wasted
Small limbs, of life's effort denied;
Those lips, of life's goblet untasted,
So ruthlessly hurried aside.
What share in the world's great endeavor
Those tiny weak hands might have wrought!
What force in that brain might forever
Have lived in the realm of thought!

O father! O mother! rejoicing
In childhood's fair promise to-day,
Can you hear in your spirit a voicing
For creed so inhuman, I pray?
Had priest or philosopher found you
An answer to quiet the heart,
If life in such fetters had bound you,
And mocked with its fullness your part?

Disinherited.

Why, look at *your* baby—the treasure!
The rose-tinted, dimpled delight!
Could an anchorite's soul deny pleasure,
Nor thrill at the beautiful sight?
No room in the world's spacious garden
For flower so perfect to bloom?
O Heaven! The blasphemy pardon,
That finds for thy child but a tomb!

OUR FATHER! Oh, well may we falter
To name thee, and pray to thee so;
Who turn from thy shrine and thy altar,
Profaning thy image below;
To thy children thy bounty denying,
While heaping the store of our greed,
And, dead to their wrong and their sighing,
Charge Heaven itself with our deed!

THE BREAKER BOY.

“If your imagination is vivid and will not recoil from a picture of wretched and tortured boyhood, you may conjure up the figure of a breaker-boy at an anthracite mine.”

THOU madest upright, this fair work of
Thine,
Lord of our spirit and our mortal clay!
How dare we worship at Thy earthly shrine
And burn Thy altar lights? How dare we pray,
Our Father! for Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Nor fear to look on this accusing face?

Why, puny work of ours, does one despoil,
What swift, what angry vengeance do we take!
The thong, the prison, weary endless toil;
Yes, life itself did we the forfeit make!
But Thine—this wonderful, mysterious frame!
We dare distort, and own nor fear, nor shame.

The Breaker Boy.

The eager joy of boyhood never flowed
In ringing shout and laughter from these lips;
These dulled, sad eyes with rapture never
glowed—

They do but witness to the mind's eclipse.
This bowed and stunted form, this travesty
Of age, in youth—ah, God! that it should be.

Oh, Thou! whose love the child of Judah knew—
The little child, set in our midst to be
Thy symbol of the life that must renew
The founts of being, and the soul make free,—
How dare we still that stainless record read,
Nor blanch before this ruthless crime of greed!

Ah, how shall we endure to see this face
Looming upon us, through the phantom years!
What proud achievement ever can erase
This memory of shame?—too sad for tears.
The image of this childhood crucified
Shall still our pomp and circumstance deride.

“ THESE LITTLE ONES.”

“Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones, it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea.”

“Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you: That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven.”—Christ.

THE happy little children—
The flowers of love and home!
In fresher, brighter beauty,
Earth smiles to see them come.
How fair their beaming faces!
How glad their voices ring!
Nor heaven hath sweeter rapture
Than the joy the children bring.

The hapless little children!
Earth shudders, as she hears
Their sad, unchild-like footsteps,
The dropping of their tears.
For pallid are their faces,
And dull their voices ring;
Alas, alas, for sorrow!
Despair the children bring.

"These Little Ones."

The happy little children!
The Paradise that gleams
In unforgotten glory
Upon us in our dreams,
Is theirs in full possessing—
No vainly visioned show;
The heirship of existence
We bartered long ago.

Oh, hapless little children!—
The meadow lark may sing,
And scent of bud and blossom
The perfumed air may fling;
The bee hath leave to wander,
The butterfly to soar,
But life for you is bounded
Within the factory door.

Oh, happy little children!
Ye know not ye are blest,
For love doth guard your footsteps,
And love doth watch your rest;
And as the rose and lily
Rejoice in sun and dew—
The birthright of their blooming—
So life is glad to you.

"These Little Ones."

Oh, hapless little children!
Ye know not ye are curst;
The shadow, never lifted,
Your infant days hath nurst.
And as some plant that withers,
Unconscious of its blight,
Ye know not, in your darkness,
That earth and sky are bright.

O God! Before Thy presence
We know their angels stand
In terrible accusing—
Why stays Thy judgment hand?
The nations' gold is eaten
With blood of childhood's years;
Their rich and costly raiment
Is stained with childhood's tears.

Shall soul of man not answer?
Nor heart of woman thrill?
Earth's holiest crusade summons
Love's purpose to fulfill.
Ye worship at the manger,
Yet leave the babe a prey!
And, more infidel than Paynim,
Ye seal Hope's tomb to-day.

"These Little Ones."

Wake! Wake! Do ye not hearken
The children's helpless cries?
Wake! Wake! ere Heaven's lightning
Shall answer from the skies.
The millstone of oppression
Is weighted for the deep,
And the red sea of vengeance
Moans in its troubled sleep.

Oh, speed, true hearts! the morrow,
When never dawn shall see
The baby toiler wakened
The weary day to dree.
When glad as bird and flower,
Sweet childhood's joy shall flow—
The promise of the future,
The pledge of heaven below.

THE VOICE.

IN the wilderness crieth a voice—
“Make straight, for His coming, a way!”
Our spirits have heard, and rejoice
That heavenly call to obey.
O Lord of the straying and lost!
We would gather the sheep to Thy fold,
From the horrible tempest that tossed
Their lives in its fury and cold.

A voice in the wilderness cries:
Oh, not from the mountain and glen!
For heavy with curses and sighs
Is the air of this desert of men;
And crowded with sin and despair,
Shut out from the blue of the sky,
Is the terrible wilderness where
Thy little ones struggle and die!

The Voice.

In the wilderness crieth—O God!
That voice: 'Twas a garden Thou gave!
But we have made barren the sod,
And stand with our feet on a grave.
We have bartered our birthright for dross;
We have infidel been to Thy love;
And we dare, from our shame and our loss,
To look up to Thy heaven above!

In the wilderness crieth a voice—
"Make straight, for His coming, a way!"
Lo, the desolate places rejoice,
And break into singing to-day.
O garden beloved of the Lord!
Unshadowed by sorrow or sin!
From thy gateway shall vanish the sword,
When thy children their heritage win.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

FROM the struggle and the heat
Of life's conflict, where we meet
Foot to foot, and hand to hand;
Look I backward, many a mile,
Where the skies of morning smile,
On fair childhood's sunny land.

In youth's blest republic there,
Happy citizens we were—
Owners free of earth and sky;
And the more the merrier made
Work or play, in sun or shade—
Comrades generous rivalry.

Oh, the grass was soft and green,
And the steps were light, I ween,
That the golden daisies pressed;
And no birds that sang and flew
In the radiant depths of blue,
Blither hearts than ours confessed.

Looking Backward.

What was wealth, and what was rank?
Up and down the woodland bank,
'Twas the bravest climber won;
And the barefoot boy was king
Who the ball could farthest fling,
Who the race could swiftest run.

Never factory bell rang out
Clangor rude, to still the shout
Silver clear of childhood's joy;
All unnumbered sped the hours—
One were we with birds and flowers,
In sweet nature's glad employ.

Did the ripe nuts clustering fall,
It was joy for one and all
(Innocent of manhood's greed);
Were the berries rich and red,
Quick the gleeful summons sped—
Calling each to share at need.

Spent and vanquished from the fray,
Look I backward here to-day
O'er the miles that stretch between;
And my spirit thrills anew
With a heavenly hope and true—
Brighter than the morning sheen.

Looking Backward.

In our midst (rebuking mild
Selfish strife), a little child,
Doth the patient Master set:
"If ye would the kingdom see,
Such as this ye still must be—
Love alone is conqueror yet."

And the silver echoes run
Round the world, as round the sun
Earth doth ceaseless circuit keep.
Hark! the music of the spheres,
Soft and clear, the spirit hears
Thro' the starry spaces sweep.

Somewhere in the depths of Time,
Shall be born the day sublime—
Making earth and heaven new!
And, at one with Nature's heart,
Man shall find the better part—
Love shall prove her triumph true.

WHILE IT WAS MORNING.

IT was but a greeting, a clasp of the hand—
An instant's delaying on Time's shifting sand ;
But never can memory lose the delight
Of the exquisite vision that glanced on my sight.

Oh, lovely ideal of beauty and youth,
Transfigured by purest devotion to truth !
'Twas heavenly luster that beamed from her eyes,
And her voice had the music we dream of the
skies.

Aye, genius had dowered that beautiful head,
And love had smoothed softly the path for her
tread ;
Life's fairest promise unfolded to charm,
While girlhood's glad pulse in her bosom beat
warm.

While It Was Morning.

The glow of the dawning, the day's dying gleam,
The foam-beaten rocks, and the meadow-girt
stream;
The winds and the waters, the hill and the vale,
Had Nature's high warrant to tell her their tale.

But I thought, on the canvas translating to us
The far-hidden meaning Earth spoke to her thus,
A something diviner than genius had made
A sweet, sacred message of color and shade.

For purest and deepest that spirit might know,
The fountain that nourished her soul's overflow;
With the prism of heaven it flashed in the light,
And the stars of the midnight within it shone
bright!

O Love! Never weary of life-giving grace,
That lavishes beauty in loneliest place;
Shall He to His children their birthright deny?
And mock with His bounty?—Her faith made
reply.

While It Was Morning.

The wrong of the ages rose dark on her view,
But the glory of sunrise was piercing it through;
And the dawn of her life, like a rose opening
bright
In the dew of the morn, glowed to welcome the
light.

Oh, beautiful head with the tresses of gold!
God love thee, and keep thee for blessing untold.
A guerdon, unwon by self-seeking, shall be
Truth's high consecration of Art, unto thee.

It was but a moment—a moment how fleet!
That gave to my vision that memory sweet;
But it lives, a rebuking to doubt or despair—
Hope's pure inspiration, undying and fair.

Room! for the men of mind make way!

Ye robber rulers, pause no longer;
Ye cannot stay the opening day:
The world rolls on, the light grows stronger—
The people's advent's coming!

—*Gerald Massey.*

THE AWAKENING.

(In vision.)

THEY have wakened from slumber at last—
Their heavy and dream-haunted slumber!
And limbs, that the torpor held fast,
Are bursting the shackles that cumber.

“Vox Populi,” have we not said?
(Alas! did we smile in the saying?)
“Vox Dei!” Now, suddenly, dread,
Full-toned (to our joy or dismay!)

From ocean to ocean it rolls
In grand diapason, divinely
Invoking, rebuking, the souls
That cower in silence supinely.

“Triumph of Party!” you claim?
Nay, that were a fatal delusion.
As chaff in the wind of the flame,
So, swept into shame and confusion,

The Awakening.

Malice and self-seeking strife
Wither before the up-leaping
Fire of a nation's new life—
Vowed to the trust in its keeping.

They have wakened from slumber at last—
The mighty and terrible people!
And Liberty's Bell is recast,
To ring from a loftier steeple.

THE ONSET.

DEFEAT! Do you talk of defeat?
With the clarions echoing clear!
With the enemy's line in retreat,
And the day of the Lord drawing near.
To their fortress we've driven the foe—
Their fortress of folly and fraud;
Let them rally their forces and show
If haply they fight against God.

Defeat! Do you talk of defeat?
Why, you know not the battle we wage!
The pulse of its valor has beat
From age unto answering age.
As humanity's hope it is old,
It is young as the morning that thrills,
With life and with joy manifold,
The radiant valleys and hills.

Defeat! Do you talk of defeat?
When law was dishonored, and gave
Its strength to the cruel, who fleet
Pursued to his bondage the slave.

The Onset.

Tho' helpless and hopeless he fled,
Did the hour of judgment delay?
Go, count me the names of our dead
In the battlefields numbered to-day.

Defeat! Do you talk of defeat?
When the judgment of Pilate was set,
And, eager for vengeance complete,
The priest and the ruler were met;
When loud rose that terrible cry—
“Upon us, and our children, His blood!”
Did they truly the heavens defy?
Tho' the cross upon Calvary stood.

Defeat! Do you talk of defeat?
I hear but the thickening fray;
From east and from west they will meet,
Our warriors marching to-day!
From north and from south they will come,
God's soldiers, who know not retreat;
For justice and honor and home.
Defeat! Do you dream of defeat?

FOR TO-DAY.

"What a glorious thing it is to feel right! Then there is no persecution can dismay you."—J. H. B.

FEAR? Breathe it low, in the ear of the coward

Plotting, in secret, his country to shame!
Whisper it not to the soul of the hero!—
Glance of his scorning shall scorch thee like
flame!
'Tis a brute sound, that but mutters and gibbers,—

Curdling the blood in the slanderer's vein;
Blanching the cheek of the ambushed assassin,—
Not the proud speech of man's full-statured
brain!

Cowards! Applauding with lip-ready homage
Names unto Liberty sacred and dear!
While, at the blast of her wakening trumpet
Traitorous pulses shrink palsied in fear.

For To-day.

Shame on the hypocrite worship that buildeth
Shrines to the fame of a day that is fled!
Blind to the glory that haloës the present,
False to the faith that is heir to the dead!

“Follow thou me!” how Truth’s echoing summons
Rings thro’ the ages, and bids us arouse!
Let the dead past be its own mausoleum;
Temple of Freedom is no charnel-house.
Dearer than laurel on tomb, or on statue,
Freedom! thou holdest the warm living breath,
Hand-clasp of brotherhood — cheering thy soldier—
Not the vain praise in the dull ear of death!

Praise? It is blasphemy! Ye who are weaving
Nets for the feet of the valorous few,
Liberty’s name as a spell ye would conjure
All the great Past thus to basely undo.
Tho’ your lips laud, on her festivals glorious,
Sons that were chosen her best and her first,
’Tis but the kiss of the traitor of traitors,
Foul with the breath of his memory curst!

For To-day.

Fear! 'Tis the hell of the crafty and craven!
Whisper it not to the soul of the brave.
RIGHT is his shield! Can ye think to dismay him?
Steadfast his purpose, tho' tyrants may rave.
When the free winds shall have hushed at thy
mandate,
When the bright waters thy empire know,
Then, may Truth's manhood obeisance acknowl-
edge;
Then, the free spirit its birthright forego!

LEAD US FURTHER.

"And we of the great republic—to-day we are looking toward Australia; to-day we are taking counsel of your experience; to-day we are following in the path you have outlined. Men of Australia, lead us further!"—Henry George, in Sydney, N. S. W.

Men of Australia, lead us further!
Shame the slow, reluctant pace
Of the Great Republic—halting
In the rear-guard of the race.
She whose star rose clear and splendid—
Dawn's red planet, mounting high!
Dims her glory, shrouds her vision,
Lets the world's great march go by!

Oh, of old, a recreant people,
Traitor to their sacred trust,
Blotted from the scroll of nations,
Bowed their honor in the dust.

Lead Us Further.

Wept Jerusalem the golden,—
 City of her sons adored!
Temple of Shekinah's glory,
 Trampled by a heathen horde!

Promised land we too inherit—
 Fairer land than Israel knew!
Trust as sacred, ours for guarding—
 God! shall we the forfeit rue?
Lo! o'er fané and mart there lowers
 Darker storm than Judah saw!
And the cohorts of oppression
 Rome's dread legions overawe.

Can it be? The spirit falters
 In the anguish of such doubt;
Is it gray of dawn or twilight
 That the sky reveals without?
Rise! the nations wait to follow—
 If they may—Republic Great!
“First is last, and last is foremost”—
 Shall such augury read *thy* fate?

Lead Us Further.

Men of Australia, lead us further!
Light the skies, O Southern Cross!
If we recreant be to answer,
God forefend such shame and loss!
Youngest born of all the peoples,
Joined like brothers for the fray.
By our past, and by thy future,
March we forward to the day!

To J. H. B.*

A GAINST the frowning front of wrong,
He flung the ardor of his soul!
While mute beheld the craven throng,
Or owned, like slaves, the base control.
But bright on History's honored page
Shall shine the deed they spurn to-day;
And men, in some heroic age,
Acclaim: *He blazoned Freedom's way!*

Oct., 1889.

* Note.—James H. Barry, editor of the San Francisco Star, whose heroic opposition to the tyranny of the courts secured for California the passage of the bill known as the "Barry Contempt Law." The immense meeting at Metropolitan Hall, San Francisco, to which allusion is made in the lines entitled "Freedom Calls!" was an evidence of the strength of the public sentiment which he had succeeded in arousing during this contest of over two years, and which his imprisonment for "contempt" in having criticised the unjust decisions of a corrupt judiciary, and the accompanying fine of five hundred dollars, fanned to a flame of popular indignation which ultimately compelled the Courts to reverse their own decree, and the Legislature to pass the bill named which secures to the Press in California a free expression of opinion as to judicial action.

FREEDOM CALLS!

[The mass meeting at Metropolitan Hall, San Francisco, Friday evening, September 19, 1891, in defense of a Free Press and Free Speech.]

THE voice of many waters—
 Deep and dread!
The trump of resurrection
 To the dead!
Hide thy bold front, Oppression!
 Freedom calls;
And lo! the thronging thousands
 Crowd her halls.

What! thought ye slave and coward
 Knew their chain?
Look! ye have forged the fetter
 All in vain!
Still flows the blood that reddened
 Bunker Hill!
And still, for Right's defending,
 Brave hearts thrill.

Freedom Calls!

Free speech! when king denied it—
 What the cost?
The rending of a nation,
 Tempest-tossed!
Free speech! that gem once ravished
 Freedom's crown
Were worthless for the guarding—
 Cast it down!

Tribunal of the people!
 Try the cause;
The shadow of the future
 Round us draws.
Rebuke, with stern condemning,
 Power that dares
To filch from thee thy birthright
 Unawares.

Up! rally to the standard,
 Ye who claim
A soul that yet can answer
 Manhood's name!
Once more the clarions echo
 For the fray;
Let not the ancient valor
 Shame to-day!

Freedom Calls!

Heroes who bore thy banner
In the past—
Sons true as they, oh, Freedom!
Still thou hast.
If thou the roll-call summon
Of their fame—
Write on that page of glory,
BARRY's name!

TOM L. JOHNSON.

THE curse of gold has passed thee by,
As vapors flee the sunlit sky.

The generous current of thy veins
That vampire passion never drains—
To leave the heart a shriveled thing,
And break the spirit's pluméd wing.

For thou hast seen the vision high:
The curse of gold has passed thee by.

THE BEST THAT THEY CAN.

To you, all brave soldiers of work and of self-sacrifice!—Souvestre.

THEY toil at the forges,
They weave at the loom,
Their pick-axe is ringing
Deep down in the gloom.
Earth yields up her treasures
For life's little span,
To the fellows who're doing
The best that they can!

Upon the broad prairie
The furrow they turn;
In the wilderness forest
The clearing they burn;
Of industry's army
Still leading the van—
The fellows who're doing
The best that they can!

The Best That They Can.

Where o'er the white surges
The reeling masts swing,
And thro' the rent rigging
The storm furies sing,
With courage undaunted
The yard-arms they man—
The fellows who're doing
The best that they can!

The dream of the poet,
The thought of the sage,
The strife and achievement
That heroes engage:
'Tis they who preserve us
The record we scan—
The fellows who're doing
The best that they can!

When the just are forgotten,
The innocent bleed,
And Fatherland's honor
Is tarnished by greed;
Not they the faint-hearted
Who quail before man—
The fellows who're doing
The best that they can!

The Best That They Can.

Oh, theirs are the bosoms
That thrill in reply,
When Liberty's ensign
Is floated on high!
They march at her bidding,
Unheeding of ban—
The fellows who're doing
The best that they can!

A pledge to our comrades!
Tho' silent their name
When History summons
The roll-call of Fame,
In our hearts we enshrine them
With brotherhood's clan—
The fellows who're doing
The best that they can!

GUARD THE TRUST!

[With greetings to the Chicago Single Tax Club
on their Second Annual Banquet celebrating the
149th anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jefferson,
April 13, 1892.]

YE whose hands the flag uphold
 Of our hope,
See that pure and bright unfold
 To heaven's cope,
All its silken streaming wide,—
Palter not the truth, nor hide.

Let the dead past bury deep
 All its dead;
Not one shrouding cerement keep
 For our dread.
He whose name ye honor fain,
Claims for *living*, earth's domain.

Guard the Trust!

Little children call to-night—
Piteous cries!
“Women, sobbing out of sight,”
Bid arise
Manhood’s honor, to renew
Sacred pledge of heroes true.

Not alone, that vast and great,—
Continent-wide,—
Should uplift the pillared State
Of our pride,
Was the high endeavor won
Of immortal Jefferson.

Hearken! Thro’ the century’s years,
Strong and clear,
Trumpet blast for listening ears,
Do we hear;
“*Earth is usufruct belongs*
To the living.” Perish wrongs!

Parchments, yellow as the gold
They would claim,
Let them molder, fold on fold!
Empty name
Is the title written broad—
NATURE hath the deed outlawed!

Guard the Trust!

Mothers, with the shriveled breast—
Infants pale;
Men, whose maddened, hopeless quest
Still must fail;
Lift your heads! for from the sky
Your redemption draweth nigh.

Ye whose hands the flag unfurl,
Guard the trust!
From the gust of passion's whirl,
From the dust
Of that base arena where
Men their higher selves forswear.

They who struggle, faint and blind;
They who die
Underneath the wheels that grind
Ceaselessly;
Helpless for their own redress—
Save, O brothers! save and bless.

He the firm foundation laid—
Jefferson!
Ours the work to build and grade,
Stone on stone,
Temple of a people free—
Happy in fraternity.

“GOD BLESS YOU!”

“As I stood, intently listening to Dr. McGlynn’s flowing and glowing eloquence, my attention was attracted by a couple of short, deep sighs—almost sobs—just at my shoulder. Partially turning I saw the face of a woman, past middle age, holding firmly by the hand a sad-faced little girl of about ten years. As the Doctor pictured the opening of natural opportunities to labor, the cementing of families in independent homes, the end of speculation in the prime necessary of life, and the establishment of God’s justice on earth even as it reigns in heaven, tears filled her eyes; she clasped her hands fervently upon her breast and I heard her say: ‘God bless you! I hope you may succeed.’”—Judge Maguire’s Letter, in “Star” of October 15, 1887.

WHY, hope had been dead in her bosom,
For many and many a year;
Did you think that the heavenly blossom
Was nourished by dew of a tear?
But now, under skies heavy-clouded,
She stood in the sad autumn rain,
And the hope that stern poverty shrouded,
Awoke in rejoicing again.

God Bless You!"

Oh, the path might be dark she was treading,
The end of her struggle be near!
But the sunlight of Heaven was shedding
Its glory to strengthen and cheer.
And shone as the face of an angel,
The face that she looked upon then;
As those lips told anew the evangel
Of "peace and good will" among men.

Then it was not her Father's decreeing,
The wrong that had tortured her life,—
That had warped from its purpose her being,
And made of existence a strife!
Then motherhood still was a blessing,
Then wifehood its honor might claim,
And home did not mock in possessing
Its heritage only in name.

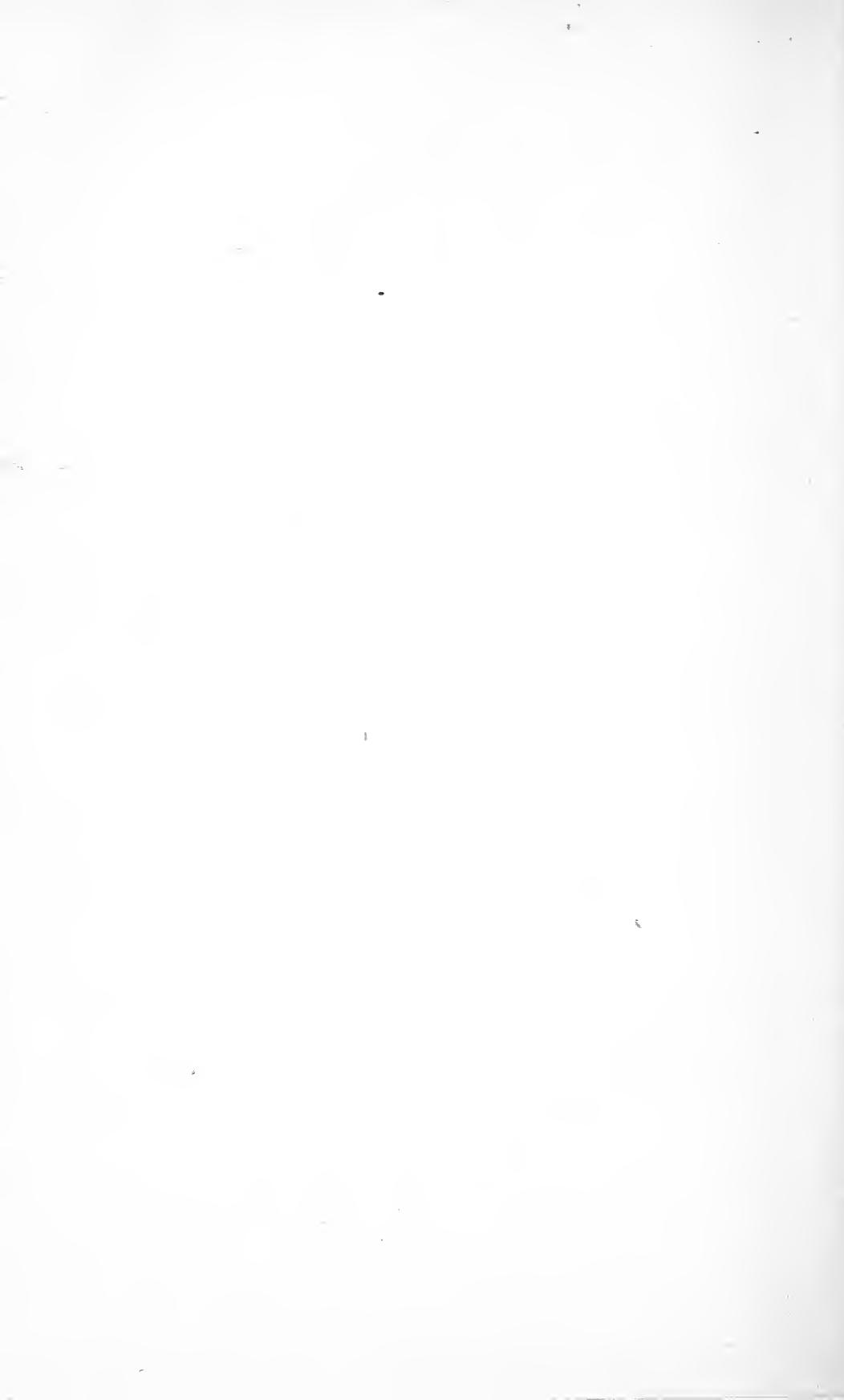
"Our Father!" Methinks the petition
Once more in her spirit was felt,
As when, in sweet childhood's submission,
At a dear mother's knee she had knelt
"On earth as in Heaven, O, Father;
Tho' earth should be over for me:
I have seen Thy salvation—then gather
Th^{er} life Thou hast given, to Thee."

God Bless You!"

O eyes, that have watched for the morning!
O lips, that have prophesied dawn!
When mute grows the taunt and the scorning --
 The mists and the shadows all gone;
When earth unto Heaven replying,
 In worship shall perfected be,--
"God bless you," from lips that were dying,
 Shall still whisper blessings to thee.

And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

—*Robert Burns.*



“ UNDER THE WHEEL.”

THE wheel of Fate hath a measureless round—
A measureless round, and it turneth slow.
And few on the topmost curve are found
Who care for the lives crushed out below.
But silent and sure it circuit keeps;
And still the shadows beneath it steal;
For, sooner or later, all it sweeps
Under the Wheel.

There are some in the mire of want who fell,
As the great wheel slackened their straining
hold;
Yet kept their souls, as, the legends tell,
The spotless martyrs kept theirs of old.
And some in the furnace of greed are lost,
(Nor ever the angel beside them feel,)
And outer the darkness where some are tossed
Under the Wheel.

"Under the Wheel."

The laughter is silenced on childhood's lips,
And hollowed the cheek of beauty's bloom;
Still on, remorseless, the great orb slips—
A Juggernaut car of implacable doom!
Sweet age is robbed of its saintly peace;
(Oh, saddest woe that the heart can feel!)
To pain and struggle is no surcease,
Under the Wheel.

It has warped high purpose of noble youth
To a base endeavor for place and gold;
It has slain the weak who sought for truth,
With a craven terror that none hath told.
Hope's heart grew faint, and faith's eye grew dim,
And love felt the chill of death congeal;
Hath God forgotten? they cried to Him—
Under the Wheel.

Oh, terrible wheel! must thou still go round,
While suns and while stars their orbits keep?
Hast thou place, like theirs, in the fathomless
bound
Of Nature's mystery dread and deep?
Nay! Man's injustice, not God's decree,
Marked thy fell pathway; the skies reveal
A day that cometh, when none shall be
Under the Wheel.

THE TRAMP.

Consider this terrible phenomenon, the tramp, an appearance more menacing to the Republic than that of hostile armies and fleets bent on destruction.—Henry George.

HOME, sweet home! from thy Eden driven
He wanders forth on the dusty way.
Lost as a spirit unforgiven,
Hopeless and aimless his footsteps stray.

Shines the field with the harvest yellow,
Smiling back at the sky's blue cope;
Fruits on the orchard boughs hang mellow,
Low the cattle from slope to slope.

Share hath he none in Nature's lavish
Care for her children of each degree,
Meanest things may her riches ravish—
Heir of all, yet an outcast, he.

The Tramp.

Out from the ranks, where the city's glamour
Dazzles the sense like a wizard's show;
Out from the ranks, where the city's squalor
Flings the soul to the depths below.

He had asked but the chance to labor,
Yielding his strength for another's gain;
But for him and his toiling neighbor
Room was none in the pitiless strain.

We have scaled the towers of heaven;
Wrung from the earth her secrets deep;
Yet is our deadly sin unshriven—
Men are idle, and women weep.

What doth it profit, machinery's wonder?—
Matching the marvel of Eastern tale!
If it leave to our brother yonder
His only portion, hunger pale?

Bring the fetter! We yet may find him
Room in the workers' vast array,
And in the chain-gang ruthless bind him.
"Ye are idle!" the masters say:

The Tramp.

“Brawn and muscle and swift thought flying,
Ye are but tools to work our will;
Spent and broken, and useless lying,
Cast them aside—there are others still.

“See, to our gates, how labor thronging
Hastens to bend the suppliant knee!
We, the lords! unto whose belonging
All the toilers must tribute be.

“Count the cities our wealth has builded;
Mine and forest their treasures yield.
What were labor without our gilded
Scepter that opens to mart and field?

“Is it our fault, if men, want-driven,
Clamor and beat at the iron gates?
Surplus lives, whom inscrutable Heaven
Leaves a prey unto pitiless fates.

“Are we indeed our brother’s keeper ?
(Fares he forth on the dusty way!)
Wealth alone is the harvest reaper—
Man and nature its rule obey.”

The Tramp.

Aye! But a word of old was spoken—
Still it rings in the dull world's thought;
“Fool! for power and pride unbroken,
God hath thee into judgment brought.”

Ceaseless, slow, on the highway distant,
Plod those weary and aimless feet;
But, oh, Mammon! the doom insistent,
Marks the hour when ye two shall meet.

Rear the temple and rear the palace,
Pile with off'rings the votive shrine;
Yet shall your proud lips press the chalice,
Full to the brim, of wrath divine.

EARTH TO EARTH.

TO thy bosom, all-sheltering Mother!
Thy son from his bondage returns;
Toil's pitiless mandate no longer
The captive's deliverance spurns.
Make ready the couch of his sleeping,
For silence and rest he doth crave;
He shrinks not, tho' others may falter,
And name it, with white lips, *the grave*.

He looks not before nor behind him;
The past is but his to forget;
And, why should the fathomless future
His life-worn spirit now fret?
If oblivion indeed be the ending,
What matter?—there's naught to forego;
And his soul-depths as hopeless hath sounded,
O priest! as thy Hades can know.

Earth to Earth.

And Heaven? What! dare you invoke it?
 Insensate to brotherhood's claim!
What plea shall be yours at that portal,
 If God be the Father you name?
Tho' the sod in its greenness doth gather
 No drop from those famished veins spilt,
Do you think, from the Vision Eternal,
 To cover the murderer's guilt?

How often, sweet fields! have ye wooed him,
 In Spring-time and Summer agone;
But in vain was your daisied enchantment—
 The child of the serf must toil on.
No posies those fingers may gather;
 The coal-breaker's grime is their share,
And the gloom of the mine, and its vapors
 His largesse of sunlight and air.

Ambition of youth and of manhood—
 Nay, why did it stir in his breast?
And why should the vision torment him,
 Of Love in her loveliness blest?
Thank God, it is over! the journey
 Unending—the long, hopeless toil;
Not here can man's avarice follow,
 Death's infinite peace to despoil.

Earth to Earth.

Green, green, be the grasses above him,
And pure the free breezes that blow!
The nature he knew not while living,
This grace on his dust shall bestow.
Greed's hand of the sunshine had robbed him,
And imprisoned his feet from the sod;
But at last, in this quietude lying,
He, too, claims the gifts of his God.

Receive him, O Earth! to thy bosom.
Why name him as young or as old?
In Misery's calendar noted,
The sum of his days hath been told.
Thy son, of thy love long defrauded,
Of thy comfort and pity is fain;
Oh, shelter him gently, and cover
The scars of his wrong and his pain.

HOMESTEAD.

“Behold, the hire of the laborers . . . which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.”

H AS it not entered His ears?—
The cry of the worker defrauded;
Piercing the heavens above
The worship that mocked as it lauded
Vainly the priest may intone,
And vainly the censer be swinging,
While from the blood-reddened sod
The cry of our brothers is ringing.

“Vengeance is mine!” Aye, we heard;
But put from our souls the repaying.
What if the storm-cloud had flashed?
’Twas but the sheet-lightning playing.
Now the great deeps, broken up,
Echo the thunderous pealing;
And the forked flame thro’ the gloom,
Ruin and death is revealing.

Homestead.

Think you the nation is great
That reckons its gains by despoiling!
And casts up its balance of trade
In the tears and the blood of the toiling?
Aye, but the debit is there,
And the page shall be turned for our sorrow,
When the dreadful accounting is called,
In the crimsoning dawn of to-morrow!

Bow thy proud head in the dust,
Thou that wast light of the nations!
List how the tottering thrones
Answer with loud exultations:
"Art thou become like to us
Who marveled and feared at thy splendor?
Room in our Hades for *thee*!
Homage and welcome we render."

Homestead! thy terrible name—
Mocking life's holiest passion—
Yet may be slogan to thrill
Even the bosom of Fashion;
Stilling the violin's strain,
Staying—in ghastly derision—
Step of the dancer, and feast,
Palsied at sight of the vision!

Homestead.

Alas, and alas for us all!
For, bound in the cordon of being,
We march to a fate that is one;
The wronged and the wronger unseeing.
Oh, that the blind might behold!
For fast speed the hours and faster;
And the gray arch of the skies
Reddens to storm and disaster.

“HOME, SWEET HOME!”

[It were enough to move the sardonic mirth of a Dean Swift, to read the insultingly patronizing comments of the California Press on the employment of women and children in the various industries of the Golden State—notably the vineyards. The local papers of Southern California in particular, dwell with delight on this evidence of our “progress,” and speak of the ladies who may be seen, with their children, leaving home at six o’clock in the morning for the pleasant pastime of a ten-hour day’s work in the vineyard of some rich land-owner. One paper named with special commendation the superintendent of a certain vineyard—“the gallant Major B—, who declares he will give the ladies the preference in employment every time; and who has found in the employment of ladies and children the solution of the labor question, at least as applied to viniculture.” As there are “thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,” so are there wrongs too bitter for jest, however sarcastic; and the grim, unconscious irony of such language surpasses any witicism.]

CLOSED is the door; the casement closed and darkened:

Is this a home, where shadows flit and hide?
Pulseless the air; no stir of household voices,
Telling that hope—joy—sorrow—here abide.

“Home, Sweet Home.”

Nay! this poor tenement is but the witness
That here Home’s Spirit once essayed to dwell;
Thrust rudely forth by Greed’s relentless forces,
Still, in the distance, sighs her sad farewell.

In the wide vineyards, rich with purpling vintage,
The strong man sees his wife and children toil;
Rivals with him for labor’s meager pittance—
He coveteth in vain his daily moil.

Strange travesty of fate! the curse primeval
Is, to his thought, the one supremest good;
Even that bitter heritage denied him,
Earth mocks his hunger with her bounteous
food.

Haste! haste! the east is crimson with the dawn-
ing;
Delay not o’er the hurried meal you spread.
Fare forth, O mother! with your child bread-
winners—
Fare forth! the sun will soon be high o’er head.

Fulfill your “tale of brick”; one golden moment
Must not be missed from those linked hours of
ten—
So priceless, and so great, the need of labor;
Yet yonder, on the road, tramp idle men!

"Home, Sweet Home."

Fear not our nineteenth century will displace you,
Or fail its knightly pledge to still renew!
Our modern Boaz bids you gracious welcome!
Glean in his fields from morn till evening dew.

Oh, worn fingers, rough with toil unseemly!
Soft was your pressure once on fevered brow;
Oh, weary footsteps, that in home's sweet tend-
ance
Moved blithely once, how drag ye hither, now?

Unbar the door; the evening shadows thicken;
Gather once more around the sordid meal.
Then, to your couch—waste not one precious
hour
Of what repose your laggard limbs may feel.

Poor mother! wronged and cheated of life's
sweetness,
Sleep! and forget the long and servile day.
Sleep, little toilers! and no more remember,
In childish dreams, the work that robbed of
play.

In other homes, how speed the evening hours,
With laugh and jest and song, on wingéd feet:
Round the fair mother, gay the circle gathers,
And renders her unconscious homage sweet.

“Home, Sweet Home.”

There the fond father counts his soul's dear treasures,
And vows his strength anew to guard their life;
Their earthly Providence, to shield and cherish,
From the rude world, sweet babes and darling wife.

Ah, proud prerogative of manhood's claiming!
How art thou shorn and humbled in the dust;
When woman's tender strength, and childhood's
weakness,
Press to fulfill thy violated trust!

Aye, sleep thou, too—thou wounded, vanquished father!
Forget thy battle with unequal fate;
Let not wild dreams of vengeance stir thy slumber,
Tho' in thy breast wrong thrill the pulse of hate.

Wide are the fields inviting to thy labor,
Richly the earth would yield her corn and wine;
Palsied thy arm, and impotent thy purpose,
While impious power usurps a place Divine.

"Home, Sweet Home."

But now "a Fair-going world, the world is
grown";

The Great Republic bids the nations come—
With mien imperious, as a queen might sum-
mon—

To enter in, and feast beneath her dome.

From sea to sea, behold! a continent gathers
Its garnered wealth to fling before her feet;
And prince and potentate with tribute hasten,
From farthest clime, to swell her triumph meet.

But from thy darkened, desecrated portal,
"Sweet Home!" you mock and shame her
vaunted pride;
Where Love is crucified, where Hope is slain,
Oh, how shall Honor, or shall Peace, abide?

TULARE, 1880.*

LO, the smiling fields are fair
With the promise of the year,
Sunny earth and sky and air
Must the saddest spirit cheer.
But the busy hand is slack,
Tho' to labor it were fain,
And the winding roads are black
With the mournful funeral train.

Not the merciful relief
Of the gently falling tear,
Not the tender human grief
That would watch beside the bier.
Sorrow here hath sterner part;
There is passion in the eye,
There is vengeance in the heart,
As those footsteps marshal by.

* Note.—These lines were written at the time of the Mussel Slough (Tulare County) tragedy—perhaps the darkest page in the monopoly-cursed history of California.

Tulare.

Years of patience and of hope,
That had garnered richly there
All the toil of manhood's scope,
All the love of woman's share;
That had made the desert bloom
Like a miracle of grace—
In the shadow of the tomb,
All the backward path they trace.

Green beside their solemn way,
Springs the richly tinted grain,
But the eyes that look to-day
See a sullen, crimson stain.
From the ground it cries to God,
Tho' the murdered lips are still,
That his swift descending rod
May avenge the blood they spill.

Aye, it calls aloud to God,
From the fields their labor tilled,
From the trampled burial-sod,
From the hearts with sorrow filled:
O Lord! Thy judgment waits;
Let it still the right restore,
While at Death's relentless gates,
There Thy justice we implore.

HER FATE TO-DAY.

A plain pine box in a small ante-room at the Morgue has attracted much attention during the past few days. The body was that of a medium-sized, divinely formed young girl of eighteen years, who was known as Edith M. Cook. It was clad in a linen shroud; and the rich, soft, wavy, brown tresses formed the setting to a face that in death was one of surpassing loveliness. "That child," said Keeper White yesterday, "is the loveliest body that has ever been brought to the Morgue; I could not bear to put her among the common herd, so I placed her by herself," which accounts for her story being published. The little orphan secured a position as nursery governess in a family in Philadelphia. Her beauty led to her discharge, after a refusal to listen to the proposals of the master of the household. She came to New York and became a waitress in a Nassau Street restaurant, at a salary of \$3 a week and board. She hired a small room up town, for which she paid \$2 a week. As this, with her car fare, consumed more than her salary, little by little she was forced to part with her clothing. One cold day, she came to work clad in a thin dress, with no sacque. Pneumonia set in, and she died at the hospital Thursday. The body was removed to the Morgue.—*New York Herald.*

Her Fate To-day.

THERE airy height on height in church towers
soaring,
Chime answers chime,
Where the great organ's solemn anthem telleth
Of love sublime;
Where, hushed in reverent priestly intonation,
Low voices pray;
How should it be thy shame, O Christian city—
Her fate to-day!

Where wealth of mine, of loom, of golden har-
vest,
Within thy gates
Is richly stored—all labor's varied treasure
Thy call awaits;
Where earth, and air, and sea, are largess pour-
ing
For outstretched palm,
How should it be to this fair child thou givest
One boon—death's calm?

Where, square on square, thy spacious homes out-
rival
A regal state;
And wealth and pleasure, like the genii olden,
Attendant wait;

Her Fate To-day.

Where the soft couch invites to softer sleeping;
Where feast is spread;
How should there be this tardy shelter only,
For dying head?

Look on that form of Nature's finest molding--
That perfect face!
Where woman's loveliness and thought are blend-
ing
With childhood's grace;
More terrible than loudest imprecation,
Those silenced lips
Witness against thee, Christian city!—telling
Thy pride's eclipse.

O God! requite it not—her youth's dread an-
guish!
The hollow show
In which we worship Thee with pompous seem-
ing,
Rebuke—lay low!
Awake, O soul of man! 'tis Justice calls thee!
Wake! ere too late;
For even now, within the storm-cloud's throbbing,
The lightnings wait!

"AS YE WALK AND ARE SAD."

Story's last statue, "A Christ," is an original and beautiful conception. The dress is that of an Arab; the cetoneth, or undergarment, rich and full, bound round the waist with a soft sash; and the meil, an upper one, a mantle, which was the seamless garment we read that our Lord wore. On the head is the kiftyeh or scarf, bound around by a fillet, which forms a visor-like framing above the brow; the ends of this kiftyeh fall over the shoulders and cover the long hair which you see under the shadow of its folds; this is the napkin, as the English translation of the Bible calls it, which was taken off, folded and laid beside our Lord in the grave. This costume is most effective, for it has the rich, deep folds of the Oriental quadrangular mantle and is probably like the dress our Saviour wore.

The person is that of a young man, tall, thin, but not emaciated. The right hand is extended, as if summoning you to approach. The left hand rests gently on the drapery of the breast. They are long, slender, refined, Oriental hands, modeled with feeling and delicacy. The face is singularly tender and noble; handsome, with fine brow and beautiful features. The eyes have a wonderful outlook—spiritual, and as if they saw far beyond mortal gaze. The expression of the face is united to that of the outstretched, pleading, earnest hand.

“As Ye Walk and Are Sad.”

The words “Come unto me ye who are weary and heavy laden, and ye shall find rest,” seem to be uttered by the lips, and yet the intense sadness of the face is as if he had little hope that humanity would listen to the call.

I sat some time the other afternoon looking at this impressive statue. “Ave Maria” sounded and the late afternoon shadows gathered into the studio. The half-lights gave the figure of the young Messiah a striking likeness to life. I spoke, thinking aloud: “And so He may have looked.”

“It ought to look like Him, for I have seen him,” said the sculptor quietly.

I started and turned to know if I had heard the words or had dreamed them.

“Yes,” repeated Story calmly; “yes, and I will tell you how it was. It happened when I was young—about twenty. I was going in the ‘hourly,’ as the coach was called that ran in those days every hour between Boston and Cambridge, for it was long before the time of the omnibus and horse-car. Of course I mean I dreamed I was in the coach. It was, as all dreams are, at once strange and prosaic. Soon after I got inside the coach, and we had started, I suddenly became aware that Christ was seated outside with the driver. My first impulse was to touch him; so I leaned out and rested my hand on his garments—when I felt sure it was Christ! When the coach reached the half-way house at Cambridgeport every one got out, and Christ also. I did not, but sat looking upon Him as He walked to and fro. There were ordinary, common people about, and the natural prosaic actions of such a place going

"As Ye Walk and Are Sad."

on. I was aware that no one but myself saw that strange Being in Oriental garments, moving with stately steps backward and forward in front of the busy little crowd which assembles at the halfway house when a stage arrives. But that did not seem strange to me, nor was I surprised at His dress, so unlike anything I had ever looked on, for at that time I was not familiar with the Arab costume; I simply thought: 'There is Christ!' and every sense in my body was alive.

"Then came the bustle of starting, and then the whole dream ended—the vision disappeared! For years and years that appearance has haunted me, and over and over again have I tried to give form and shape to that face and person, which I saw as plainly as I see you now."—Roman Letter.

I CANNOT image Him, as preachers tell us—
The tender FRIEND who wept with Mary's
tear—
Enthroned on height supernal, and beholding,
Afar, the issue of our conflict here.

Nay, rather, as the artist's dreaming fancy
Beheld him journeying with the throng of
men—
Unseen companion of our wayside faring—
I think He visits our sad earth again.

"As Ye Walk and Are Sad."

Not where, from arch to arch, cathedrals echo
 The repetitions vain He scorned of old;
Not where the wealthy and the titled worship,
 And dare to name Him Shepherd of their fold;

Not where the gilded throng of fashion gathers,
 Heedless of brother's or of sister's moan;
Shining in robes of labor's patient weaving—
 Spurning the hand of toil that fills their own;

Not where proud Dives, from his blazoned portal,
 Regards the wretches shivering at his door,
And gives—to feed the hungry, clothe the naked—
 The crumbs of wastefulness from lavish store.

But where in sordid garrets women shrivel,
 And weary feet the tireless treadle speed;
Where even childhood's hours must render tribute
 To never-ceasing, ever-desperate need;

Where, in his cheerless home, the miner cowers,
 (O God! that we should call such shelter
 home);
And where the factory wheels, incessant turning,
 Are tended by each silent human gnome;

"As Ye Walk and Are Sad."

Where the broad prairie, thro' long days of summer,
Withers from green to brown—a harvest sere;
And the spent husbandman, in thought despairing,
Counts the stern losses of the hopeless year;

Wherever love, more strong than death, endur-
eth;
Where man for man can doom unfaltering
meet;
Wherever purity despairs dishonor,
And want and woe their piteous tale repeat;

Walks He not there?—the Man of Sorrows—
marking
Each bitter tear, each dumb unspoken grief;
Oh, from of old, acquainted with earth's anguish,
Doth He not yearn to minister relief?

Think you, that eye of tenderest compassion
Flashes not with the woe denounced of yore!
Are *these* not, then, *His* brethren?—whom, despising,
Despoiling, ye pass by and heed no more.

"As Ye Walk and Are Sad."

Have ye not closed your ears, lest ye should
hearken
The deep, dread undertone that sinks and
swells?
Soul, take thine ease; from age to age repeating,
Misery's monotone its plaining tells.

The poor have *always* with us their abiding,
'Tis but the background, where Fate's artist
hand
Darkens the shadow, that with richer splendor
May glow the marvel of the picture grand.

Come, Art and Science! tell the wondrous story:
Are we not gods who rule these latter days?
Earth, hast thou ever yielded richer trophies,
Or crowned thy conqueror's brow with greener
bays?

Oh, Temple glorious! of the great world's build-
ing:
Civilization! Thou art History's shrine.
Yet, not one stone upon another standing,
Was doom pronounced of old. Shall it be
thine?

WHAT ANSWER?

Only when I first realized the squalid misery of a great city, it appalled and tormented me, and would not let me rest, for thinking of what caused it and how it could be cured.—Progress and Poverty.

I DREAMED of a city proud—
A great and splendid mart;
And, methought, from the shifting crowd,
I stood and mused apart.

Back and forth, as the flow
And ebb of the restless sea,
The tide of humanity so
Ebb'd and flowed around me.

Then, suddenly, I was 'ware
Of an angel presence near,
And knew he had message to bear
To all who had ears to hear.

What Answer ?

But some were swift to deride:
 “What will this babbler say?”
And haughtily others cried,
 “To-morrow shall be as to-day!”

The revel of wealth rolled by
 Thro’ a royal thoroughfare,
And drowned, as it swept, the cry
 That rose from a great despair.

For (marvel strange and dread!),
 Keeping step with the dance and song
Unheeded as are the dead,
 Marched a mighty, terrible throng:

Manhood, with branded cheek
 And sunken eye of despair;
Youth, with no hope to seek,
 And woman, with bosom bare;

Lost souls of a nether world—
 Forever of earth denied,
Misery’s menace they hurled
 At the heaven of joy and pride.

What Answer?

To the future they marched abreast:
 Splendor of pomp and power—
Ranks of the dispossessed—
 One is the judgment hour.

But pure was the angel's gaze,
 Undazzled by gleam of gold,
And deep, thro' his spirit's maze,
 The doom of the future tolled.

In his pain he cried aloud,
 For swift came the day of fear:
Or ever the heavens were bowed,
 Might they but turn to hear!

And still in my dream I wait,
 While the dreadful throng goes by;
And tremble to question Fate—
 “What of the angel's cry?”

Oh, bend aback the lance's point,
And break the helmet-bar!

A noise is in the morning wind,
But not the note of war.

—*John Ruskin.*

THE BUGLE IS BLOWN!

We wait for the bugle, the night dews are cold,
The limbs of the soldiers feel jaded and old,
The field of our bivouac is windy and bare,
There is lead in our joints, there is frost in our
hair,
The future is veiled, and its fortunes unknown,
As we lie with hushed breath till the bugle is
blown.

—T. W. Higginson.

THE bugle is blown, is blown!
Up, comrades! it calls to the fray;
The tremulous dark is all sown
With gleams of the swift-coming day.
What matter the bivouac dreary?—
Like a dream of the night it is sped!
What matter limbs stiffened and weary?—
They thrill to new life as we tread!

The bugle is blown, is blown!
Fall in! for the battle is on.
No quarter to error be shown,
No truce till the guerdon is won.

The Bugle is Blown!

Tho' mighty and serried the forces
That marshal our steps to oppose,
We know that the stars in their courses
Fight still against Liberty's foes.

The bugle is blown, is blown!
The bugle eternal of truth!
On the winds of the wind it hath flown—
The call that was heard in our youth.
O heart! to its music once beating!
O soul! that once leaped in reply!
Do ye hearken the summons repeating
The mandate of Liberty's cry?

The bugle is blown, is blown!
How thought ye its strain could be stilled?
Oh, clear as of old it was blown,
The pulse of the world it hath thrilled!
While a wrong yet remains for redressing,
While brotherhood's claim is denied,
To hope and to anguish confessing,
That clarion note hath replied.

The Bugle is Blown!

The bugle is blown, is blown!
Up, comrades! it calls to the fray.
And clearer and clearer is grown
The light of the quickening day.
Oh, hearken! for fuller and higher
It swells on the ambient air—
The summons to souls that aspire
For Freedom to do and to dare.

"THE SUNBURST."

OH, brother dear, and did you hear,
The news that's going round?
The glorious news that joy and peace
On earth shall yet be found!
That hope and comfort shall make glad
The wife and children dear,
And manhood's forehead lose its frown,
And woman's cheek its tear.

I met with one who brought the news,
He took me by the hand,
And he pointed to the sunburst
That is breaking o'er the land;
And his voice was like the music
When our own dear harp is stirred;
And my heart forgot its anguish,
And its anger—at his word.

Then, tho' the battle must be fought,
Our courage shall not fail!
Nor cruel taunt—nor cruel blow,
Shall make our spirit quail.

"The Sunburst."

The spotless banner that shall float
Our serried ranks above,
From every gleaming fold repeats
The sacred name of Love.

Oh, not by wrath and vengeance,
Do we seek to right the wrong—
The sighing of the needy,
The oppression of the strong;
For our God hath now arisen—
And his covenant is sure;
He hath not forgot forever
The affliction of the poor.

FOR HUMANITY!

Men, who hear the children's cry!
Men, who hearken woman's sigh!
Pledge once more your purpose high
For humanity!
Now's the day, and now's the hour!
Would ye, listless, shame your power?
Would ye, craven, shrink and cower?
Choose ye liberty!

Unto you the ages call!
Will ye, helpless, die in thrall?
Up! for freedom, one and all,
Strike the bloodless blow!
Not by strife on battle-field,
Not by clash of sword and shield;
Mightier arms hath truth to wield
O'er relentless foe!

By the chain that bound us long,
By the past of shame and wrong,
We have vowed our manhood strong
That we shall be free!

For Humanity !

See the front of battle lower!
Fear ye Evil's dying power?
God's own hand has struck the hour
 For humanity!

Up! our heritage to claim!
Up! in love and honor's name!
Hearts that falter, would ye shame
 Trust our fathers gave?
Once again the belfry swings,
Freedom's bell above us rings:
Palter not with baser things!
 Rest—but in the grave.

THE NEW CRUSADE.

O H, our hearts are beating strong,
With the pulses of our youth!
Be the battle short or long,
We have pledged to it our truth.
We can hear the trampling feet
Of our comrades from afar,
As the columns form and meet—
Marching to the Holy War.

'Tho' we may not share the thrill
Where the ranks are closed in fight,
Yet, on picket-duty still,
We are standing for the right.
Sound the challenge loud and clear,
Under sun and under star;
It a brother's soul may cheer—
Marching to the Holy War.

The New Crusade.

As the warrior of yore
 Bound his lady's favor on;
Vowed to die or to restore
 What the Saracen had won;
We have vowed, by love and home,
 And the watching heavens afar,
We will yet victorious come—
 Marching from the Holy War.

In the sepulcher of wrong
 They have buried hope and faith;
And with impious hand and strong,
 Bound and sealed the door of death.
But the mighty hosts of Love
 Yet the dungeon shall unbar:
We can see the legions move—
 Marching to the Holy War.

On! From height to height advance!
 Gleams our standard in the sun,
Marshaled not by sword or lance,
 To the triumphs it hath won.
Round that banner of the Cross,
 Angel-cohorts thronging are.
Dare we count, or gain, or loss?
 Marching to the Holy War.

The New Crusade.

By the faith of woman dear,
And by lisping childhood's trust;
By the love that conquers fear,
And by manhood's purpose just,
Brothers! gather for the fray;
We can hear the bugles far,
They are calling us to-day—
Marching to the Holy War.

THE DAY THAT YET SHALL BE.

BRING the good old bugle, boys! we'll sing
another song—
Sing it with the courage that to right and truth
belong!
Sing it as we hope to sing it, fifty million strong,
As we go marching to victory!

CHORUS:—Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! the truth that makes you free!
So we sing the chorus of the day that yet shall be
As we go marching to victory!

Dark the days behind us were—dark with doubt
and fears;
Bitter was our sighing thro' the long and weary
years;
Yet our God has promised—and His hand shall
wipe our tears,
As we go marching to victory!

The Day That Yet Shall Be.

All the sky is flushing with the glory of the dawn.
Hark! the loud reveille, for the night is past and
gone;
Ready for the combat, brothers! gird your armor
on,
For we go marching to victory!

White and pure our banner, as our Master's
promised reign;
Crimson as the brotherhood that flows from vein
to vein;
Blue as yon deep heaven, which echoes back our
strain,
As we go marching to victory!

Lo! the desert blossoms in our pathway like the
rose;
Crooked places straighten; and the hill and valley
close;
Who, when God hath spoken, shall His gathered
hosts oppose?
As they go marching to victory!

THE PROMISE AND HOPE OF THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

O H, say, do you see how our banner of light,
Even now from Truth's ramparts is gallantly streaming?

In the blue of the skies are its stars flashing
bright;

In the glow of the dawn are its stripes ruddy
gleaming.

And the thanksgiving glad of all hearts that are
sad,

Shall cleanse the last stain that its purity had,
And the star-spangled banner again shall be true
To the promise and hope of the Red, White and
Blue!

Oh, the mists have hung damp on its radiant fold,
And haply we deemed that its luster was faded;
But full to the breeze is its splendor unrolled,
And the sun hath illumed every tint that was
shaded.

Promise and Hope of the Red, White and Blue.

Hark, Liberty's call! to her sons—one and all—
Again into rank, 'neath that ensign to fall!
And the star-spangled banner once more to make
true

To the promise and hope of the Red, White and
Blue!

Once more shall our land be the home of the free,
With peace in her borders, from hill-top to val-
ley.

Once more shall our Flag proudly float o'er the
sea,
And the navies of Commerce to meet it shall
rally!

No triumph so grand hath the past ever spanned,
As yet shall be ours, when like brothers we stand;
And earth will re-echo the pledge we renew
To the promise and hope of the Red, White and
Blue!

As the heroes who died for humanity's right,
We, too, will be free from our fetters enslav-
ing!

No more shall our land 'neath Monopoly's blight
But mock the bright banner that's over us wav-
ing.

Promise and Hope of the Red, White and Blue.

No more shall we toil for the Lords of the Soil,
Nor waste Nature's store to replenish *their* oil;
But—our heritage claiming—*forever make true*
The promise and hope of the Red, White and
Blue!

Bosomed in yon green hills, alone—
A secret nook in a pleasant land.

—*Emerson.*

THE PASSING OF THE VILLAGE.

(In California.)

IT was folded away from strife,
In the beautiful pastoral hills;
And the mountain peaks kept watch and ward
O'er the peace that the valley fills—
Kept watch and ward lest the bold world pass
The fair green rampart of hills.

No factory din profaned
The joy of the summer morn;
But the tinkle of bells from the pasture-slope,
And the rustle of waving corn,
And the wreathing smoke from the cottage
hearth,
Saluted the rising morn.

The rains of the winter fell
In benison on its sod;
And the smiling fields of the spring looked up,
A thanksgiving glad to God;
And the little children laughed to see
The wild-flowers star the sod.

The Passing of The Village.

The opulent Summer came,
Like a queen, to the vale she loved;
And lavished her gifts with a royal grace
That never a wish reproved;
Oh, she lingered long, as if loath to leave
The sunny vale that she loved.

The wains on the highway thronged,
O'erladen with Autumn's spoil;
Like a train triumphal, from conquest won,
They passed from the fields of toil—
The fields where Labor hath kingly right
To rifle the garnered spoil.

The traffic of simple life
That draws man near to man;
The village street, and the farmstead home—
The tie of a kindred clan;
And the common bond to the "brown old earth,"
The primal strength of man.

"Let not ambition mock"
Such "destiny obscure";
The mighty stream, that a navy bears,
Was fed from the fountain pure
Of a hillside spring that its freshness kept
In the depths of the glade obscure.

* * * *

The Passing of The Village.

Hark! hark! to the thunderous roar!
Like a demon of fable old,
The fiery steed of the rail hath swept
Through the ancient mountain-hold,
And the green hills shudder to feel his breath—
The challenge of New to Old.

But the spirit of man awakes,
And thrills to the larger life;
A force resistless his soul hath claimed,
He is part of the great world-strife!
And far and dim in the distance fades
That first fair dawn of life.

Yet, day of power and pride!
Forget not thou that dawn;
From simple hearts, and from simple homes,
Is the strength of a nation drawn;
And ever the earth her life renewes
In the dew and the peace of dawn.

San Luis Obispo, March, 1901.

THE DROUTH; SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

(1898.)

NO low of cattle from these silent fields
Fills, with soft sounds of peace, the evening air;
No fresh-mown hay its scented incense yields
From these sad meadows, stricken brown and bare.
The brook, that rippled on its summer way,
Shrinks out of sight within its sandy bed,
Defenseless of a covert from the ray,
Dazzling and pitiless, that beams o'erhead.

The rose has lost its bloom; the lily dies;
Our gardens' perfumed treasures all are fled;
The bee no longer to their sweetness flies;
The humming-bird no longer dips his head.
The butterfly—that fairy-glancing thing—
Ethereal blossom of the light and air!
No longer pauses on its fluttering wing.
How could it hover in this bleak despair?

The Drouth; Southern California.

Hope dies within man's breast. The mountains
far,

That stood the guardians of the fruitful plain,
Now, like stern sentinels of grim-visaged war,
Seem but the silent witness of the slain.

The orchard boughs, of promise unfulfilled,

Drop, ere the autumn come, their futile leaf;
The song that stirred the woodland, hushed and
stilled,

Faints like the sob of some unspoken grief.

Ye who have watched this desolation grow,

Hath it no message for your inner ear?

Lo! Nature holds her mirror up to show

What man hath wrought for man, in higher
sphere.

Hath not the song been hushed on childhood's
lips,

In those dark hives we name our cities proud?
And have not harvests suffered foul eclipse,
Where man's unbridled greed the labo.
bowed?

Have ye not trafficked in the fair glad earth—

Staining her bosom with your sordid strife?

And when she blessed you with her fruitful birth,
Denied her largesse to her toiler's life?

The Drouth; Southern California.

Veil! Veil your face! Nor dare to murmur
now

The gifts withheld, so impiously misspent!
The heavens again in blessedness shall bow,
When man hath learned the lesson God hath
sent.

Then, then, the stream shall laugh upon its way!
And all the little hills shall shout for joy!

The smiling field its harvest not delay,
And flocks and herds the shepherds' care em-
ploy.

For Justice from the wakened earth shall spring,
And Righteousness look down from realms
above,

When man to man his tribute glad shall bring,
And worship God in Brotherhood and Love!

AFTER THE RAIN.

April, 1899.

“SWEET fields stand dressed in living green,”
That late were brown and bare!
The twitter of the calling birds
With music fills the air.

The brook is rippling on its way
To join the river’s flow;
The orchard boughs are hid to-day
In drifts of rosy snow.

Was ever sky so heavenly blue—
“Clear shining after rain!”
Was ever wind so soft and pure,
To breathe away our pain!

Oh, roses white, and roses red,
Your fragrant leaves unfold!
Oh, lily, lift your chalice pure,
And show your heart of gold!

After The Rain.

The happy children laden come
From hillside and from field,
With treasure frail of wild-flower bloom,
More dear than gardens yield.

The farmer marks the sprouting grain ;
Forgets his care and moil ;
The radiant promise of the spring
Transfigures all his toil.

He sees the waving harvest's yield
In every springing blade ;
Oh, richly nourished shall it grow
In sunshine and in shade !

The bleat of lamb, the low of kine—
How softly on the ear
The blended notes of sylvan life
Melt, in the distance clear.

And all Earth's children, small and great,
(Not thee, proud Man, alone),
Rejoicing, each in their degree,
Her benediction own.

After The Rain.

Sweet Nature! how thy bounty shames
Our petty hoard of greed,
That molders, as the manna did,
With taint of selfish deed.

But thine the mercies ever new,
At morning and at eve;
Rebuking still our anxious fear,
Who, faithless, toil and grieve.

"Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,"
Our lips repeat full fain;
Oh, deeply may our lives enshrine
The lesson of the rain.

DESECRATION.

[One of the pleasant memories of my past is a day spent at the Big Tree Grove, near Felton—a spot possessing an historical interest as having been the camping ground of General Fremont in the days of California's first settlement. None of our little party had yet learned to question the right of private property in land; but I think it would have come to any of us with something of a shock to hear that the "owner" of this natural wonder had determined to assert his prerogative, and fence in at least the base of those giants of the redwoods (for their towering tops were beyond even a landlord's power) from the vulgar gaze, except on the payment of a toll for the privilege of viewing them. Quite recently, however, this has actually been done, to the great indignation of the people of Santa Cruz County generally; though why they should feel so aggrieved and outraged by this particular instance of a system which no doubt most of them strenuously support, is not easy to understand. For surely it is a greater wrong and injury to others to debar from use fields waiting for the tillage, than these old land-marks—wonderful though they be—from the pleasure seeker's gaze. But the voice of Nature will be heard sometimes, even by the most insen-sate; and this desecration of one of "God's first temples" arouses feelings untarnished by thoughts of gain.]

Desecration.

IN what dim morn of Time did Nature nourish
Thy mighty roots, O monarch of the glade?
What dawns and sunsets saw thee spread and
flourish?—
An ever-widening, ever-deepening shade!

Beneath thy boughs umbrageous who could linger—
Marking with awe thy green and towering height—
And dream that here man's sacrilegious finger
Dare lay its claim to desecrate and blight?

“Dust unto dust” the generations perished
Uncounted, while thy years majestic rolled.
The stately growth earth's changing seasons cher-
ished,
Still undecayed, man's wondering eyes behold.

What! bar the marvel from our common seeing?
And levy toll upon the gifts of God?
Nay, why condemn? *We* gave his claim its be-
ing;
We—impious—named him *owner of the sod*.

Desecration.

O over-arching skies, your azure spaces
Rebuke the grasping of man's sordid soul!
O winds, that over green or desert places.
Blow as ye list, ye mock his vain control!

Alas, fair Earth! art thou alone the fated,
The immemorial slave of human greed?
Shall lust of power and gold on *thee* be sated,
Whose bosom satisfies each mortal need?

Believe it not! else God Himself were faithless,
Or evil strong His purpose to withstand:
Oh, long delayed! deliverance waiteth nathless,
To free the captive from the spoiler's hand.

PRO PATRIA.

“My country is the world;
My countrymen are all mankind.”

O H, say not that our souls deny
The universal claim,
If warmer tear and softer sigh
Rise to the lip and dim the eye,
When *one* dear spot we name.

As gentlest memories stir the heart
At childhood’s lisping phrase:
Forgotten manhood’s selfish mart,
Life seems again a guileless part
Of those untrammeled days.

So, softly syllabled, we hear
The unforgotten word—
Whate’er its sound—that to each ear,
In love’s own tongue, doth utter clear
Home’s first sweet welcome heard.

Pro Patria.

And for a moment (cheating Time)
The onward hurrying year
Stays its swift flight, in that bright clime
Where life hath naught of grief or crime
To dim the radiant sphere.

What matter, tho' too well we know
How faded vision high?
And stern and sad with sin and woe,
And dark from all that morning glow,
Earth's boundary we descry?

We feel once more the bounding joy
That young existence gives;
And all the future's glad employ,
Rising before the girl and boy,
On Hope's bright canvas lives!

Even so the traveler, worn and gray,
Returning from afar,
Forgets the long and lonely way,
The mountain-pass, the storm's delay.
Untoward fortune's scar.

Pro Patria.

If in the distance he behold,
Lit by the sunset's flame,
The fields he knew, the steeple old,
The cottage that did once enfold
All joy his heart could frame.

Oh, say not, then, our souls deny
The universal claim,
If thus fond memory make reply
When heard beneath an alien sky
Our birthplace' hallowed name.

Dear little island, green and fair!
Earth's bounty named for me—
My infant exile may not share
Remembrance of thee, but I bear
A loyal love to thee.

Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding cry
Of those Crises, God's stern winnowers, from
whose feet earth's chaff must fly;
Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath passed by.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

THE COMMONWEALTH.

THE Commonwealth—the Commonweal:
Words that we mouth with facile tongue;
But did we think—but did we feel—
With passion were they said and sung.
With consecration of the soul,
With thrilling impulse of the heart,
In Life's immortal, wondrous whole,
We would aspire to bear our part.

Oh, poverty of self and greed!
Oh, poverty of pomp and pride!
How starve the souls that on ye feed—
How starve the lives by ye denied!
Ye will not own, in purpose high,
The law that Nature's bounties prove;
But can ye break the mystic tie
That binds to hate or binds to love?

“Ye all are brethren,” spake the Voice
That stilled the storm on midnight sea;
And if we grieve, or if rejoice,
Or strive, or love—we yet must be.

The Commonwealth.

On each, on all, the sunbeams shine;
On each, on all, descends the rain;
Oh, to that order most divine,
Shall man a rebel still remain?

Forbid it! every drop that flows
In crimson through the pulsing vein.
Forbid it! every thought that glows—
A spark divine—within the brain.
Nay, hope must fail, and memory die,
And faith lie withered in the dust,
And Heaven itself its truth deny,
If vanquished were that sacred trust.

The Commonwealth—not kingly sway,
But manhood's dignity secure;
The Commonwealth—that none may stay
The hand of toil from harvest sure.
Pure dawn of peace! our clouded skies
Faint promise of thy coming show;
But somewhere, sometime, wilt thou rise,
And life with beauty overflow.

Athwart the world's delirium pain,
Those chords of music softly sweep;
We dimly hear the far refrain,
Like dreamers troubled in their sleep.

The Commonwealth.

But not in vain the Chosen Few
Strive, that the future shall reveal
A glorious earth and heaven new—
A Commonwealth, a Commonweal!

BEAT THE LONG ROLL!

[The meeting held (1893) in Faneuil Hall, Boston, to protest against the Extradition Treaty with Russia.]

YES, we have hunted the poor, the despairing,
The helpless, the captive, the bought and
the sold!

We bowed our proud necks to the shame, as if
wearing

Thy signet, O Slavery! were honor untold.

God! how we writhed, when we sought without
finding

Place for repentance, with care and with
tears—

Shuddering tears, that in blood that was blinding
Still mark the path of those terrible years.

Now—to be blood-hounds, at Tyranny's order
To track to their refuge the brave and the true,
Who—all undoubting—had sought in our border
Faith unto valor from Liberty due.

Beat The Long Roll!

Furl the old flag, then! of crape be its shrouding,
(Oh, that its stars should thus quench their
pure light!),
Red is the glow of its stripes through that cloud-
ing—

*Red as the torch that shall flame through our
night.*

We, to strike hands with the despot, and flourish
Over his victim the death-dealing knout!
Vainly, oh, vainly, did patriots nourish,
With their warm life-blood, the freedom we
flout.

Witness against us, ye footprints that reddened
The ice-fettered waters of Delaware's flow!

Witness against us, ye Spirits who gladdened
When the proud force of Cornwallis lay low!

Arnold! thy crime a strange whiteness shall
gather—

Here is a guilt that bemocks thy poor name;
Deep as the son's who dishonors his father—
Base as the father, his child who would shame.
Rust in thy casket, O Key that was given
From Lafayette's France to our Washington's
hand!

Dreader than dungeon in Bastile unshriven,
Is the dark doom of Siberia's strand.

Beat The Long Roll!

Ring the loud tocsin! From temple and dwelling,
From mart and from farmstead, haste! haste!
at the call.

Hark to the deep tones that, rising and swelling,
Are borne on the breezes from old Faneuil
Hall!

Shame on the freeman would falter or dally!
Shame on the heart that were cold to reply!
Beat the long roll! it is Brotherhood's rally;
God and humanity would we deny?

Note.—The key of the Bastile given by Lafayette to Washington is still preserved at Mt. Vernon.

THE PORTENT.

The press dispatches inform us that the life-size portrait of Abraham Lincoln, in the great "East Room" of the White House, fell to the floor on Sunday morning last.—Nov. 24, 1900.

During the siege of Jerusalem, under Titus, the watchers in the Temple heard, at midnight, voices crying, "Let us depart hence!" and the sound as of a multitude of invisible presences leaving the Holy Place.

"**L**ET us go hence!" the Voices cried;
The Angels vanished in the gloom;
The watching Priests stood mute with fear;
The Holy Place was left a tomb!
Not foul with vapors of the mould,
Nor dread with shapes that know decay;
But dark with horror of the soul—
A darkness not to pass away!

Doubt not, the scoffers of that day
Contemned the portent (as do we!),
While on their pale, distorted lips
Was stamped the lie that all might see.

The Portent.

They trembled 'neath the shadowed Cross,
 They trembled at that parting cry!
Then turned again to work their will—
 Their will, that would the Heavens defy.

Their day is done; their fate fulfilled.
 Still, still, the mighty forces close!
The hosts of Darkness and of Light,
 Embattled, on the field oppose.
Still pleads the Prophet of the Lord;
 And still the pitying Angels wait,
And linger long—in sad delay—
 To leave the darkened Temple gate.

O Lincoln! thine the martyr's crown,
 And thine the prophet soul of old!
Doth not thy lofty spirit bend,
 Even now, the conflict to behold?
Aye! we may put the portent by,—
 In mercy and in warning given,—
But none the less our being's deep
 Thrills, troubled by that breath from Heaven.

O Spirits of the glorious Past!
 Turn not in stern reproach away;
Leave not the Temple of your Hope
 To desolation's dread decay!

The Portent.

Let not the hordes of Power and Greed
Pollute the fane where Freedom dwelt;
Where Heroes to her service vowed;
Where Sages and where Poets knelt!

Our hands have marred the work ye wrought;
Our souls are stained with Passion's fires;
Our eyes forego the Truth ye saw;
We fail before your high desires.
But leave not now the land ye loved—
Watch o'er us through the shadows dense!
Forbid it, God! that we should hear
That voice of doom: "*Let us go hence!*"

“IT IS GOD’S WAY.”

(Dying words of President McKinley.)

“**B**E still, and know that I am God.”
 HIS, only, is the avenging rod,
HE will repay; shall mortal breath
Dare to appraise the deed of death?

The chalice of the ages fills;
While, drop by drop, in it distills
The anguish of a world-wide throe—
The travail of our life below.

We are but units in the plan;
The vast design we may not scan;
One Eye alone beholds unrolled
The end from the beginning told.

Not swayed by passion’s wild desires—
A fluctuant flame that leaps and tires;
But calm, and just, and greatly wise,
O People! from thy grief arise.

"It Is God's Way."

By the dread anguish of this hour,
Arise! to grander heights of power;
A fuller faith in manhood prove;
And in the van of nations move.

Not thine the trust of despots old—
The scaffold-beam, the dungeon-hold,
(A barrier built, to fall again!)
Thy trust is in the hearts of men.

Aye! though the cross be on thee laid,
That trust shall never be betrayed;
The dastard hand that wrought thy woe
Laid not thy loyal honor low.

Searcher of hearts! To Thee we kneel;
Thou who hast stricken and canst heal,
Thy will be done! The prayer fulfill;
Teach us, O God, to do Thy will.

UPON THE FOURTH.

I HEARD the bugles play,
And I heard the drum-beat call;
And the gathered throng was gay,
In the street and in the hall;
And the floating banners spread
All their splendor to the light,
While the sapphire sky o'erhead
Glowed, to consecrate the sight.

Then the tumult fell away,
And the Nation's creed was read;
Ah! I wondered, much, that day,
Did the grand, heroic dead
Feel it sacrilege or praise,
When the mighty words outrolled,
That could once the standard raise
In the glorious days of old.

Upon The Fourth.

The anthem rose and swelled,
And the strain was sweet to hear.
Like a living fount it welled
For home and country dear:
“My country! ’tis of thee”—
And vale and hill replied,
“Land of the noble free!
Land where our fathers died!”

A stern and rock-bound coast,
Where “the breaking waves dashed high,”
And a dauntless pilgrim host
Who could more than death defy:
Upon my spirit’s sight
That vision flashed and fled;
And, as summoned by its might,
Another rose instead.

Where the sands of Afric drank
The life-blood of the brave,
The music rose and sank
Like dirge beside a grave.
They had looked to us in hope;
Their present and our past,
Across the centuries’ slope
Reached hands—to fall unclasped.

Upon The Fourth.

The dazzling skies looked down
 On a tropic isle afar;
On beleaguered bay and town,
 On a mighty host of war.
A flag was floating wide,
 But my eyes were dim to see:
Not *thine* be conquest's pride,
 “Land of the noble free!”

“My country, 'tis of thee”—
 How thrills the raptured chord!
Unconquered, pure and free—
 Still by thy sons adored.
The power to hold in thrall—
 Base boast of kings' emprise!
Be thine the nobler call,
 To bid the peoples rise!

I heard the bugles play,
 But my soul was sad to hear;
For a shade was on the day
 We held so proud and dear.
From mad ambition's blight
 (A darker doom to bring!)
“Preserve us by Thy might,
 Great God—our King.”

THE BOER.

WHETHER he win, or whether he fail,
The Cause is the freeman's glory!
Aye! though she slay him, in Freedom still
He trusts through the conflict gory.
The Lord of Hosts doth the battle rule;
Be ours the high deserving:
So, whether we win or whether we fail,
We keep our front without swerving.

We weep not now for our heroes gone;
For our captive Chief bewail not.
Our eye is clear for the work to do;
Our hand is steady to fail not.
Though the roof-tree blaze and the field go bare,
And the loved of our heart be harried—
Is it time for tears? There were need to weep
If the Cause we have pledged miscarried.

The Boer.

The world looks on, and the world goes by,
With never a hand for aiding.
(Oh, deep was the pang in our bosom's core,
In the days when that hope was fading!)
But we look no more to the nations far,
Who are dumb to a people's sorrow;
Our loins are girt, and our faith is firm,
Whatever betide to-morrow.

Whether we win, or whether we fail—
Though long be our fate's delaying,
We shall not be found wanting—we trust in
Him—
When the balance of God is weighing.
For Freedom's cause is the cause divine,
And her night has ever its morning!
When Babylon's towers have fallen to dust,
And her name is a name for scorning!

CUBA LIBRE!

(1898.)

THE centuries dark with woe and wrong,
The centuries red with lust and crime,
Wait their avenging; wrack and thong,
Dungeon and stake, have had their time.
Here, where Pizarro's footsteps pressed
In blood upon a conquered soil!
Here, where Columbus reared Spain's crest
Imperial—her deeds recoil!

Not as we hoped the fetters fall—
At touch of Love's electric stroke
Triumphant over hate—when all
The manhood in our veins awoke.
That day foregone, we reach across
The angry tide of War's deep flood,
Whate'er the pain, whate'er the loss,
To pledge the faith of Brotherhood!

Cuba Libre!

Tramp! tramp! It is the solemn tread,
The thrilling tread of marching men!
The listening skies are overhead,
And Earth's great bosom throbs again.
The famished forms she lulled to rest,
While fell her patriots' blood like rain,
These, these were nourished at her breast;
She calls on vengeance for her slain!

Oh, dawn of Peace! So long foretold!
So long desired! When shall it rise?
Alas! in smoke of battle rolled,
The stars are blotted from our skies.
Now God defend the right! He brings
The Peace that only can endure;
The Peace of Peoples—not of kings!
The righteous Peace that first is pure.

THE MERRIMAC.

Just before daylight to-day seven gallant seamen took the collier Merrimac under the blazing Morro batteries, and anchored and sunk her.—
Press despatches, June 3, 1898.

NOT in the tempest's wrack
Went down the Merrimac;
Not when the battle's roar
Echoed from shore to shore,
Facing the cannon's breath
Her Heroes challenged Death!

While from afar they gazed,
Comrade and foe, amazed—
Silent and calm and sure,
Led by no fitful lure,
Swift as resistless Fate
She swept toward Morro's gate.

Not captured prize of Fate—
To swell a victor's state!
Like the hound, faithful still,
Though the loved hand may kill,
True to her helmsman's track
Went down the Merrimac.

The Merrimac.

Burn! burn! Ye Stars of light,
Upon our Flag to-night!
In deeper crimson glow,
Red Stripes of dawn below!
Signal the risen sun
That Valor's deed is done!

THE PHILIPPINES.

ALAS, for high renown!
For valor vainly spent!
The faith a nation vowed,
Like broken reed is bent.
No arm of foeman dealt
A worse than foeman's blow—
It was our traitor-will
That laid our honor low.

Wipe off—wipe off the stain
Upon our shield, to-night—
The blood of those we pledged
To succor in their fight:
Their fight, unequal waged,
'Gainst power enthronéd long:
Did we the wronger doom,
But to espouse the wrong?

Oh, God, that we should prove
False to a brother's trust!
And, unassailed, should lay
Our forehead in the dust!

That we, for sordid gain,
Our heritage forego—
The glory of the soul
That only freemen know!

Is this our high degree?—
The foremost heir of Time!
Immortal shall we prove
In baseness and in crime?
Wipe off—wipe off the stain;
(Once burnished was the shield!)
While yet the heavens wait,
Our tardy justice yield.

Rekindle, while we may,
Our sacred altar-fires!
Have we the past forgot?
Unworthy of our sires!
Snatch from the grasp of Greed
The torch that Freedom gave
To light a land redeemed—
It gleams not on a slave!

BRIDE OF THE AGES.

YEARNEDE the world's heart to her, Bride of
the Ages!
Dream of the poets and theme of the sages;
Won by her loveliness, awed by her purity,
Worshiped men proudly in faith and in surety.

Time! dare he touch her with insolent moiling?
Liberty's chosen! not his for despoiling.
Thronged the old heroes to Valhalla's portals
To gaze from afar on the wonder of mortals.

Bright as the sun in his opulent splendor,
Fair as the moon in her radiance tender,
Tyranny trembled before her appearing,
As if an army with banners were nearing.

Roll the swift years past a century's counting;
Still to its zenith her planet is mounting.
Blare of the trumpets and beat of the drums
Herald the car of her triumph that comes.

Bride of The Ages.

Is it a Juggernaut? Lo, as it rolls,
Hear ye the moaning in torment of souls?
See ye white faces flash out at the wheel?
What shall the day of her judging reveal?

Gaze from Valhalla, O heroes! behold
Liberty's chosen dishonored for gold!
Rich though her robing and splendid her state,
'Tis but the trappings of bondage ye hate.

Spoil of the crafty and tool of the knave,
What from such baseness her glory may save?
Was it for this that your swords were unsheathed?
Was it for this that your statues were wreathed?

O that your spirits might sweep as of old,
Kindling hearts coward and sordid and cold!
Then from the thraldom of sloth and of dread
Manhood should leap to avenge her instead.

Greed that despoiled her, and falsehood that sold,
Power that bound her with pythoness fold,
Hurled to fate's oubliette soundless and black,
Leave of the bale of their presence no track.

Bride of The Ages.

Then, O belovéd and beautiful Land!
Opens the day of her destiny grand.

Bride of the Ages! Again on her brow
Gleams the pure crown of her virginal vow;
And the world's heart, with a mighty rebound,
Throbs to her own in a passion profound.

THE DARKEST HOUR.

THE darkest hour. Yet midnight fleeteth,
And sullen and far the storm retreateth—
Hark! hark! that dying thunder-peal!
And torn and vanquished—an army driven—
The rent cloud-squadrons forsake the heaven,
And the lustre eternal of stars reveal.

The darkest hour. Yet day is breaking,
In field and forest the birds are waking—
Hark to the call of chanticleer!
'Tis a world of sin and a world of sorrow,
But here is the rise of a new to-morrow;
And faith can never companion fear!

The darkest hour. Nay; soul, be ready!
Oh, heart be true, and be purpose steady!
Night is far spent, the morning nigh;
Night of doubting and night of anguish;
How, for its passing, our spirits languish—
How have we questioned earth and sky!

The Darkest Hour.

The darkest hour. 'Twas hard believing
Under its shadow the sun was weaving
 Splendor of dawn for a world new made;
But now, oh, now! all the heavens filling,
Over the earth in its wonder thrilling,
 Flashes **LIGHT** through the depths of shade!

The darkest hour. Ah, did we share it,
Comrade mine? Would we miss to bear it?
 Faint would the joy of its passing be.
What were the burden its night should render,
To the reproach—oh, keen! oh, tender!—
 “*Could ye not watch one hour with me?*”

For truth is strong and hath her broad demesne;
Note how the lifted banner marks her course:
Now in the parliament of England's queen,
Now where the leagues of distant waters toss,
In those new lands beneath the Southern Cross!

—*Joseph Dana Miller.*

“FREEDOM’S AHEAD!”

“She’s coming, she’s coming!” said he;
“Courage, boys! wait and see!
Freedom’s ahead!”

—Robert Buchanan.

THOUGH our eyes may not behold her,
She is coming on her way;
For her couriers have foretold her,
Through the night and through the day.
East and west they flash the warning,
North and south the message flies;
Lo, it is the New Year morning,
And the dawn is in the skies!

Courage! see the future looming,
With its issues grand and vast;
Let the dead, the dead entombing,
Idly wail the vanished past.
Not for us that bootless mourning
While the waiting moment flies;
Lo, it is the New Year morning,
And the dawn is in the skies!

"Freedom's Ahead!"

To the hope that would not falter
 Thro' the heart-sick, long delay,—
To the faith that would not falter
 With the guerdon of a day,—
All the tides of life, returning,
 Now to higher levels rise;
Lo, it is the New Year morning,
 And the dawn is in the skies!

Yet for us, from heaven descending,
 Doth the glorious vision gleam—
Pearl and gold and sapphire blending—
 Shall we hold it but a dream?
Nay, immortal the forewarning,
 And the soul of man replies:
Lo, it is the New Year morning,
 And the dawn is in the skies!

Though our eyes may not behold her,
 She is coming on her way;
Long the ages have foretold her—
 Haste! prepare her place to-day!
Heed no longer taunt or scorning;
 Higher charge upon thee lies!
Lo, it is the New Year morning,
 And the dawn is in the skies!

“THE LAND OF BY AND BY.”

FAIR the valleys stretched before me in that visioned land of light;
They were green with gleam of meadow, and with orchards they were bright.
On terraced hills the vineyards stood in seemly row on row;
And the grapes' full clusters purpled in the noon-tide's ruddy glow.

In the pastures herds were feeding; in the harvest-fields the corn
Heaped the wains as 't were the largesse from old Plenty's fabled horn.
Back and forth on traveled highway sped the traffic of the day;
And the train's shrill whistle sounded like a challenge to delay.

"The Land of By and By."

Round the pleasant dwellings roses shed their
sweetness on the air,
And the children's happy voices sounded blithely
everywhere;
And the fair-faced gentle mother, on her errands
to and fro,
Felt the joy and peace of loving from her glad
heart overflow.

Want's grim specter lurked no longer at the
household's festal board;
Gone was hunger, gone was malice, and the
many-millioned hoard.
Men with men as brothers meeting, now no
longer rivals stood;
Heirs of Nature's common bounty, children of
one Fatherhood.

In that visioned land of beauty, rose the city's
pillared domes;
Street on street of stately warehouse—square on
square of spacious homes.
But no alleys, foul and narrow, and no tenements
were there—
Shutting out God's air and sunlight, shutting in
the heart's despair.

“The Land of By and By.”

In and out the crescent harbor ships were passing on their way,
Freighted with the wealth of Europe, with the treasures of Cathay:
On the crowded wharves were mingled all the Indies' fragrant store,
With the hardy skippers' cargo from the coasts of Labrador.

Man no more in impious striving thwarted Heaven's eternal law;
Broad and fair as earth's dominion, now his heritage he saw.
Labor's giant forces never Greed's strong hand might fetter more;
And the throbbing pulse of Commerce thrilled, electric, every shore.

The starry banner floated—giving welcome to the world;
But above its silken streaming was a fairer flag unfurled:
Upon its virgin whiteness no nation's name had place;
LOVE was the golden ensign that shone for ALL THE RACE.

“The Land of By and By.”

In fancy oft I linger in that visioned land of light,
And see the happy people, with their faces calm and bright;
They 'mind me of “the shining ones” of whom the Pilgrim told;
And I think the Land of Beulah is this which I behold.

LIBERTY'S DREAM.

God's will shall at last be done on earth, and His disinherited children, restored to their patrimony, grow up into a race living joyously in a fair and fruitful land, in which the hopes and heroism of past patriotism shall be justified, and Liberty's Dream of the ages be fulfilled.—William T. Croasdale.

H AVE we not seen it—the vision?
Glorious, and pure, and free!
When the lord of the land, and the vassal,
But phantoms unreal shall be.
And fair as the Star of the Morning—
Glad as the ransomed soul!
No longer a crime and a discord,
Earth on her orbit shall roll.

For have we not seen it—the vision?
The vision that surely shall be!
When the bounty of Earth to her children
The humblest shall hold in fee.
In ways where the thorn had wounded,
The rose in its bloom should spring;
And through air where the curses shuddered,
Sweet voices of childhood ring.

Liberty's Dream.

Pledge we our souls to the Future—
Glorious, and pure, and free!
Make us, O **LIBERTY**, worthy
Here in thy vanguard to be.
Our eyes have awaked to the dawning;
Our ears the reveille have heard;
Hand-clasp and heart-beat, replying,
Pulses of brotherhood stirred.

Vain were man's puny endeavor
The tides of the ocean to bar!
But vainer, the tide of the spirit
That sweepeth from star unto star!
Full swell of the perfected anthem—
Music divine of the spheres!
Oh, hearken! **EARTH**'s psalm is fulfilling
The choral of Infinite Years.

“BACK TO THE LAND!”

TO the land, to the land! From its dust we
have sprung;
And still to its verdure our footsteps have clung.
Fair childhood hath sported in innocence gay
Where the field flowers 'broider with beauty the
way.
From garden and wildwood the lover hath sought
Bright blooms meet to offer the queen of his
thought.
And beautiful age, with the sweet brow of calm,
Feels the light breeze of evening breathe blessing
and balm,
While she roams in the Past with the lover and
child,
And smile the blue skies as of old they had smiled.
Shall Hope's blossoms wither and drop from the
hand,
And Memory darken? No! back to the land!

“Back to the Land!”

In the dew of the morning the long furrow shone,
While blithe in its wake the glad sower pressed on,
Rejoicing in faith of the harvest to come
With plenty and peace for the loved of his home.
But the toil of the bondsman no largesse returns,
Earth's seed-time and harvest that dull tillage
spurns.

Shall Monopoly's tool to his “quarters” slink back,
With the bloodhounds of slavery still on his track?
Shall the vision of home be a maddening dream
Till the brain hath forgotten to hope or to
scheme?
Shall we barter our birthright, and prodigals
stand,
With husks for our vintage? No! back to the
land!

Great storehouse of Nature! accursed be the day
That locked from earth's children thy treasures
away,
And gave to the grasp of the robber the key
That was meant but to open and leave thy wealth
free.
But the hour hath sounded; the great clock of
Time
Hath marked on the dial the death-stroke of
crime.

“Back to the Land!”

The strife of the ages is on; shall we dare
To falter and falter—our trust to forswear?
Shall we traffic in souls while our gold is piled
high?
Or, in Poverty's shadow, shrink, craven, to die?
Our heritage beckons, rings forth to command,
“Go ye up and possess it!” Back, back to the
land!

OUT OF THE MISTS.

WE said, it is coming! coming!
Ah! surely the day will arise!
Tho' heavy along the horizon
The fog in its darkness lies—
The dark, foul fog of the marshland,
That shadows the morning skies.

The cruel, treacherous marshland,
Where hearts have suffered and failed;
Where the ardor of youth was broken,
And the courage of manhood quailed;
And against the poisonous thicket
The strongest have not prevailed.

We had heard of the sunny meadows
That lie on the farther side;
Of the hilltops, that beckon grandly
Where beauty and strength abide;
Of the woodland's changing glory,
And the torrents' silvery tide.

Out of the Mists.

We knew 't was the land of our birthright,
Tho' scoffers our faith profaned;
And weary and sad with longing
The eyes that towards it strained;
And over the perilous pathway
Blood-marked were the footsteps gained.

The air was heavy with vapors
That rose from a shrouded past;
And loud with tumultuous murmurs
Of creeds and philosophies clashed;
And the sob and the curse, unheeded,
Of crime and misery massed.

We knew, if we could but follow,
There must be a path to lead
Through the horror, and din, and darkness,
To that far and sunny mead.
Oh, God! was Thy world forgotten,
That Thy prophet came not at need?

Alas, for the valorous spirits,
Vanquished by fell despair!
For the hearts that were pierced by pity,
And the arms that beat the air!
While still vain voices are crying,
"Lo! here is the way, or there."

Out of the Mists.

Then, strong as archangel's trumpet,
 A sudden clarion rung;
And smote, like a wind of Heaven,
 The thick, dark mists that clung;
And in souls that were faint to dying
 A deathless hope had sprung.

The day is coming, is coming;
 (Nay, surely the day is here!)
For a dauntless host is pressing
 With never a halt or fear—
Straight on thro' morass and thicket,
 And the skies beyond are clear.

THE MESSAGE.

“It is coming, it is coming!
I can hear it in the wind!”

IT floats across the prairies,
With the balmy breath of spring;
And field and forest hear it,
With joyous welcoming.
From the pines of far New England,
To the stately redwood tree,
The winds have brought the message:
“The land shall yet be free!”

To stifled city dwelling,
Thro’ alleys foul and dark,
It speeds upon its mission,
Like arrow to the mark.
The heavy air is thrilling
With life and hope to be;
The winds have brought the message:
“The land shall yet be free!”

The Message.

In Pennsylvania's mountains,
The miner hears the sound ;
Where deep in earth's recesses,
He plods his darkling round ;
But down the shaft it hurries,
That breath of liberty—
The winds have brought the message :
“The land shall yet be free!”

On California's hillsides,
The wreathing vines are bright
With clusters as of Eschol,
To glad the toiler's sight.
And earth to willing labor
Shall full reward decree—
The winds have brought the message :
“The land shall yet be free!”

Oh, hear ye not the message ?
A rushing, mighty sound ;
O'er continent and ocean,
It speeds the world around.
Aye, unto far Australia,
To the islands of the sea,
The winds have brought the message :
“The land shall yet be free!”

HEARTS OF HOPE.

R EPINE who may, no more, we say,
The skies will bleakly lower;
Thro' darkest day, thro' dreariest way,
Our spirits shall not cower.
They dimly scan the heavenly plan
Who faint before endeavor;
But Hearts of Hope find fullest scope
Where cowards falter ever.

Forevermore, from shore to shore,
The glorious light is spreading;
While tyrants quail, and flee and fail,
Its dazzling luster dreading;
The wrath of man hath mortal span,
Tho' fell be its endeavor;
Up, Hearts of Hope! find heavenly scope,
For Love shall conquer ever.

Hearts of Hope.

Oh, joy! to feel the ringing steel
On Truth's bright shield descending;
While at her feet, the trophies meet
Of foes in homage bending.
Tho' keen the fray, and long delay
The crown of our endeavor,
Yet Hearts of Hope find truest scope
In noble conflict ever.

On earthly skies to close our eyes,
Were grief for fear to borrow;
But we have seen the heavenly sheen
That brightens all our sorrow.
And soul to soul we felt the whole
Of brotherhood's endeavor;
No Heart of Hope can darkly grope,
However paths may sever.

What tho' the sun for us may run
His brief allotted measure;
Within the veil, it shall not fail,
Our steadfast trust and treasure.
To God be praise! our earthly days
Had share in Love's endeavor;
For Hearts of Hope, immortal scope
His grace shall find forever.

HEART OF SORROW.

H EART of Sorrow! beating faintly,
All thy pulses ebbing low,—
Be thou sinful, be thou saintly—
Here is comfort for thy woe:
Life shall yet “add joy to duty,”
God hath made His purpose plain;
And, renewed in Eden beauty,
Earth shall blossom once again.

Heart of Sorrow! faintly thrilling,
Full and vital thou shalt throb!
Every vein with rapture filling,
Hushed for aye thy quivering sob.
Not for fear (thy anger quelling),
Not for stifled moaning low,
Patient grief, or wild rebelling,
Do thy warm pulsations flow.

Heart of Sorrow! bruised and bleeding;
Balm for thee shall yet be found.
Oh, thy Father’s care is heeding,
And His hand shall staunch thy wound.

Heart of Sorrow.

Over all His sunlight shining,
 Blesseth evil, blesseth good ;
And Earth's children, life divining,
 Learn at last of Brotherhood.

Heart of Sorrow ! faint no longer ;
 Love's electric pulse is thine.
Every moment, fuller—stronger,
 Beats the answering joy divine.
Soon, in heavenly exaltation,
 Man shall own the sacred tie,
And the anthem of creation—
 “Glory be to God on high !”

THE SUN OF CHRISTMAS MORNING.

UPON the evil and the good,
The praying and the scorning,
Still shines in pledge of brotherhood,
The sun of Christmas morning.

It tells the weary heart and sad
The old, immortal story,
And gives to childhood's spirit glad
A sweeter, tenderer glory.

Pale anguish, on her couch of pain,
Smiles soft—its dawn beholding;
And haggard want sees once again
The day of hope unfolding.

The wild revolt of human wrong
Is stilled, beneath its blessing;
And loving hearts beat full and strong,
For comfort and redressing.

The Sun of Christmas Morning.

Oh, Babe of Hope! we dare not voice
Our sin and strife before Thee;
And if we grieve, or if rejoice,
In silence we adore Thee.

“Peace, peace on earth; good will to men!”
From out the heavenly spaces,
We hear the angel’s song again,
With veiled and stricken faces.

No more for us the glory gleams,
That simple shepherds ravished;
Yet full and clear the morning beams,
And God’s good gifts are lavished.

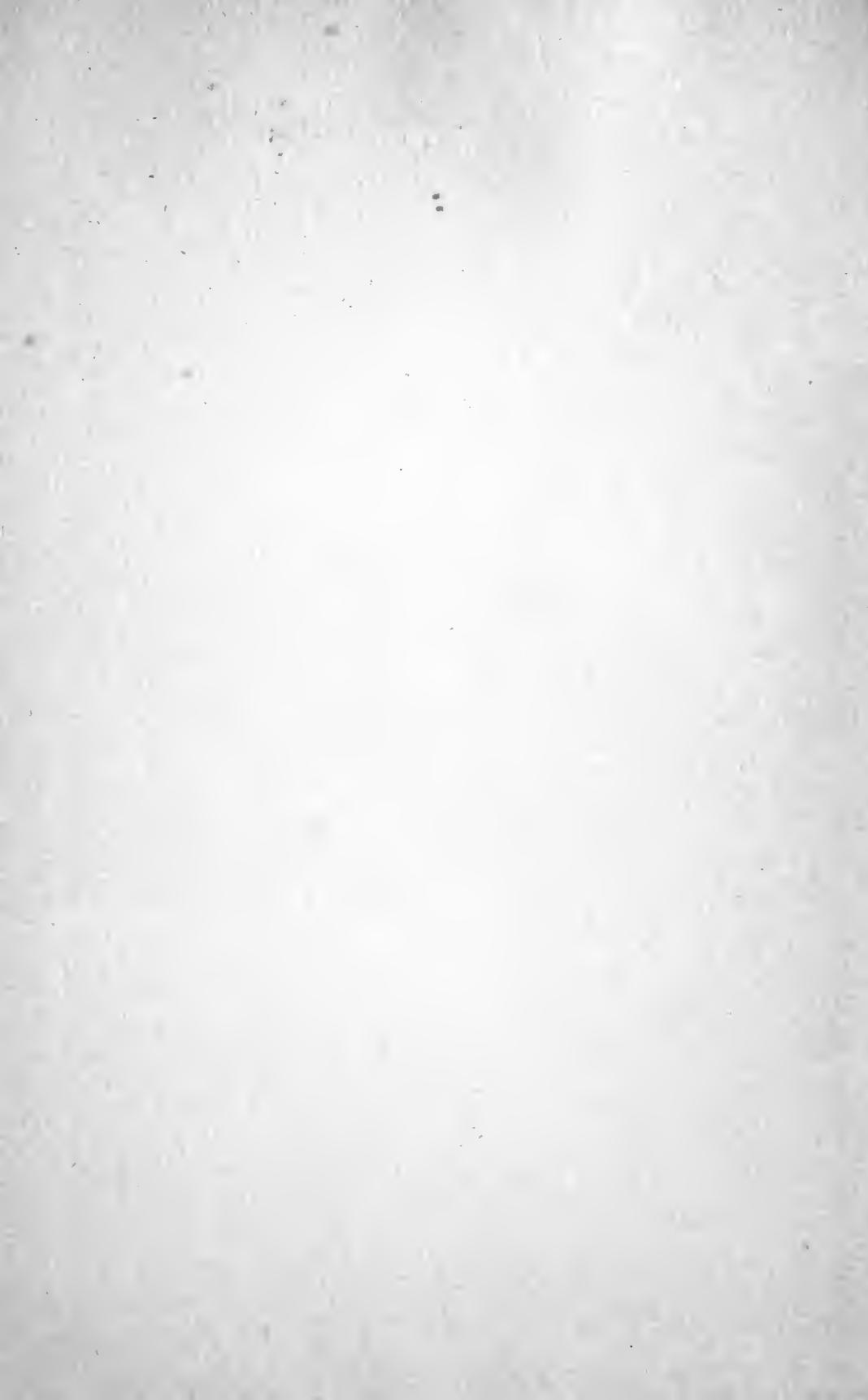
Ah, selfish hand and hardened heart,
The Father’s will defying,
Have robbed His children of their part—
Their singing turned to sighing.

But never Love hath vainly wrought
Her purposes immortal,
Tho’ still through night of travail brought
She wins the heavenly portal.

The Sun of Christmas Morning.

“Peace, peace on earth!” it yet shall be,
Whatever eyes behold it;
And man to man, as brothers, see
Good will alone enfold it.

Oh, far and high, the skies they glow
With glorious sign of warning:
The promise and the hope we know—
The sun of Christmas morning!



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